

GAELIC NEWS

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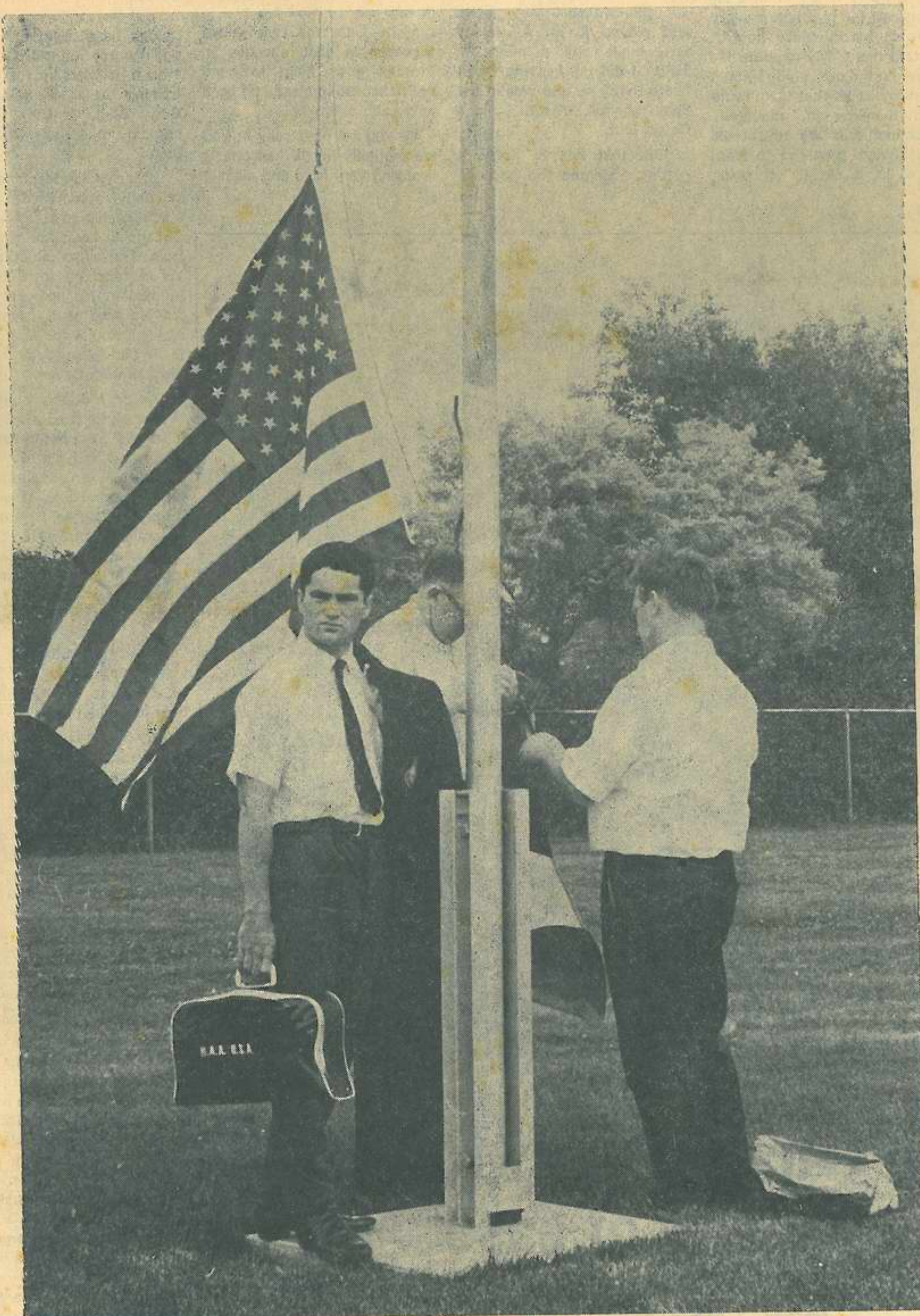
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Fanning . . . 'no more trips to New York until January, 1972, at the earliest'



O'Siochain . . . 'I agree with the proposals'



O'Donnell . . . 'Gaelic Park will not be let lie idle'

The lowering of the Stars and Stripes as the G.A.A. in Ireland decides that after 75 years it will turn its back on the G.A.A. in New York.

IN THIS ISSUE;

● The New York Side of the Story

● Mick O'Connell In Action

● Will N.F.L. Choke Us To Death

● Talking to Jackie Taggart

● Hurlers On The Tee

A Ph.D's Views On The G.A.A.

BY MARY GAFFNEY

The connection between training for football and studying for degrees was explained to me by Doctor James McCabe, an All-Ireland footballer with Cavan who was lately conferred with his Ph.D. at University College, Dublin.

Doctor McCabe, C.E.O. with County Sligo Vocational Education Committee, has just returned from Paris where he received a Diploma in Educational Planning after completing a one-year course at the International Institute of Educational Planning (Unesco).

The enormity of his achieve-

ment can only be fully appreciated when it is realized that Doctor McCabe studied for his B.A., B.Comm., M.Econ. Science and his Ph.D. degrees in his leisure hours and the latter degree in his spare time from his position as C.E.O.

"I studied every night after work and for two hours every morning before office hours," he told me. "My appetite for more and more study stems from my belief that there is no such thing as an 'educated' man: man must be educatable and always prepared to learn anew in a rapidly changing

world.

"My career is very much tied up with football. I played senior football very young and played in an All-Ireland final while still a minor in 1949. I did my Leaving Certificate that year and was in the final against Meath which Cavan lost.

"But that has to do with getting a degree too because

training for football is very hard and difficult. It calls for tremendous training in discipline, trying to win, reaching a target. I tie the two things together in that success in football goes hand in hand with success in class and both help each other.

"If you are physically fit you are mentally fit. When one is studying very hard and closely

involved in physical activities this is a relaxation. I feel that people who have a good interest in games are more fitted to apply towards study and mental activities generally."

When Doctor McCabe went to Dublin to do clerical work it seemed natural to take up studying in the evenings. At Bolton Street College of Technology he studied mechanical engineering and from there won a scholarship for teacher training in rural science in Cork. While in Cork he was captain of the University team.

Later while teaching rural science Doctor McCabe won a scholarship to Loughborough College in Leicester where he trained in physical education. While teaching in Dublin he studied in his spare time for his B.A. as well as training and playing with the U.C.D. team and playing intercounty football with Cavan.

Doctor McCabe continued: "When I finished the B.A. I felt I had an appetite for more study and as I had developed an interest in economics it was natural to take a B.Comm. degree. I got honours which entitled me to take a Masters degree. I got honours in my Masters degree in Economics and Administration and by virtue of this was awarded a scholarship to the University of Chicago where I was enrolled in the School of Business Study and the School of Education.

"My bend was now towards administration in education and I returned from Chicago to Sligo as C.E.O. and I also became the trainer of the Sligo team. Then the bug to study hit me again and I began my studies for the Ph.D. When my thesis had been completed I was recommended by U.C.D. to take a one-year course at the International Institute of Educational Planning in Paris. I was the only Irishman there.

I have always been a European but my time in Paris gave me the conviction that Ireland has a great deal to add to the new Europe, that far from our Celtic culture being in danger when we join E.E.C. we have a great deal to offer in Europe's rediscovering of itself. The last time Europe was one in language and culture was when it was Celtic and now in this rediscovery of Europe our links are becoming of great interest not only to us but to the French as well. There is a great deal of sympathy in personality and character between the French and the Irish due to our common Celtic origin. I am a more convinced European now and look forward to the challenge of Europe."

I asked Doctor McCabe how can young people be attracted to G.A.A.?

"This is almost a cliché because everyone is saying it now, but I feel there should be more involvement in social activities and also that women should be involved

more. I do not think they have been as involved as they should since the start of the G.A.A. Instead of a walled-in football pitch there should be a community centre wherein interested people could play basket ball and even tennis. One would help the other. In this way the playing pitch would be a centre where people would meet not only for one game but for a variety of games. In some places like Armagh and Kerry they have new ideas on this matter but there are large areas where nothing has been done along those lines.

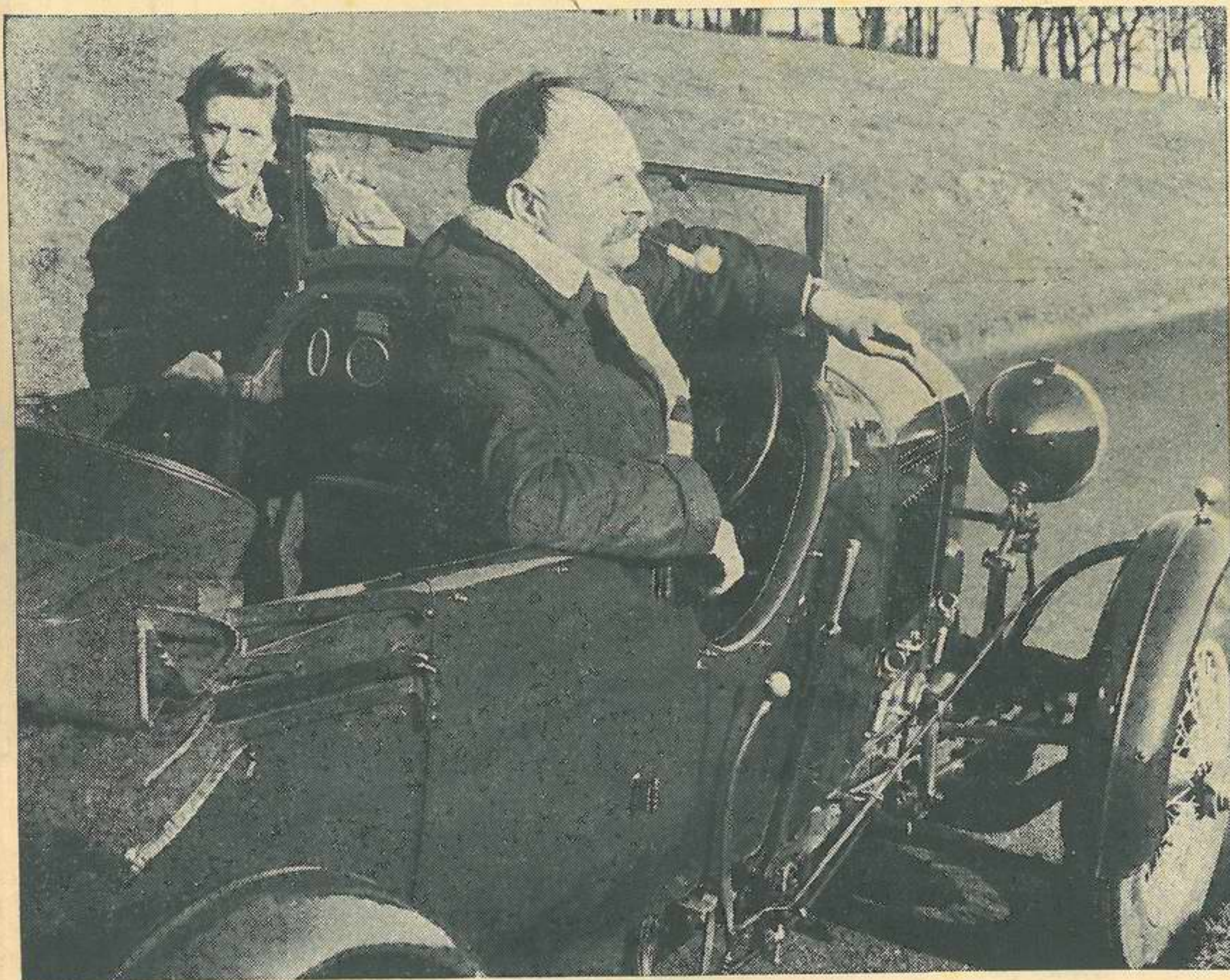
"I would see Croke Park as a community centre where all its facilities could be used at all times and not only during the hour and a half of a match. I also think the G.A.A. have relied too long on voluntary workers and that professionals should now be employed to help those who give voluntarily of their spare time."

And what about the Ban?

"I am against the Ban. Its objectives have not been achieved. The disadvantages emerging from its imposition far outweigh the advantages. The point must be accepted too that objectives themselves alter with time. I must say I prefer a more positive approach to the prohibition. In addition the notion of the vigilance committee is degrading and unworthy of Irishmen.

"The Ban does not prevent the playing of prohibited games. It has never been enforced, leads to lying practises and has become the main butt for the bad image the G.A.A. has gained. The game does not now need this prop which has become a strait-jacket. Also, I question the good will of the critics whose hearts are bleeding because they are 'prevented' from playing the national game. There is nothing to prevent the Rugby clubs organizing a Gaelic league during the summer season to help to keep the grass down on all their beautiful private parks. If they did so, the demonic Ban could be laughed out of court in a short time. The Dublin finals between Wanderers and Old Belvedere at Lansdowne Road would be a sell out!

"What we should be moving towards is a *modus vivendi* for all the major games. I would envisage scrapping the out-dated Ban and a closed season for Gaelic games between November and March during which players would be free to indulge in the other winter games which would be for the betterment of their own games. I would also like a more positive approach to popularize the games in urban areas, a drive to root the games abroad particularly in Celtic areas, Brittany, Wales and Scotland, and strong encouragement for inter-club competitions."



Mick McQuaid Ready Rubbed for the life of ease



New League Is Great — But Will It Choke Us To Death?

Whatever else you may say, the new Football League structure is a bold move. And it is logical to the nth. degree, on paper. But, how will it be in practice — will it make or break either football or itself, or will it sow the seeds of revolution?

Logical? Well, you have two divisions or grades, separating the sheep from the goats with the chopper falling at the midway mark and marking off sixteen in the elite and sixteen others in the position of less privilege.

And you have promotion and relegation to make progress a tangible thing, and to inspire a wider degree of interest in the later stages than they have had for many a day in the old "semi knockout" system.

Plenty of games for all, and with that the opportunity of developing an approach and a tactical plan and a teamwork even in the lesser counties where a planned approach to football is as alien as post-Patrician snakes.

The concept of a League has been toyed with for a whole lifetime, almost, and it has never quite been grasped. In fact, what we have always had has been a "gutted" version of the idea of a League competition. The basic intent in a League is contrarily opposite to that of the knock-out kind of competition, and it intends to gain its ends by establishing the fittest through survival.

By JIM BENNETT

The best team over a prolonged period of competition will win a League; when it is seriously contested and when its importance is acknowledged as the foremost competition it will establish without a shadow of a doubt the best team in the country. The trouble is that we have never considered the League as anything but secondary to the All-Ireland, and while the addition of such perquisites as American trips has sweetened its appeal, it still is true that the magic attaches to the Sam Maguire and the McCarthy.

In the nature of the League itself has been the second fault: it has been only a part-League at best. Time has been the difficulty, of course, but with only a short run of four or so games on the League basic, it was little better than a sudden death competition in any case. The ideal League allows for a slip or two to which even the Homers of the games arena are liable with the possibility of recovery. In knock-out it is often all-over once a single crucial mistake has been made, and this is how goalies get bad names and free takers are sacrificed to gods of wrath.

Now this new League is, of course, still a compromise, and still secondary to the All-Ireland series, but it is a sound effort for all that — the best, surely, that could be hoped for in the situation in which the G.A.A. competitions find themselves.

But, for the same reason that earlier concepts of the League were truncated ones, this one is in deep waters even as it starts — or should I say crowded waters? For, it is still time and opportunity which makes the notional excellence of the idea give cause, at the same time, for doubts about its practical workings.

Where counties had trouble fitting four games into their schedule together with any others they were good enough to qualify for, they are going to be even more strained to find time for seven games, however interesting and however challenging — especially where hurling is also practised.

Now it is already clear that the extent of the League is something of a pain in the neck for the best counties, who are doubtless contemplating that they will qualify in any case, but must now use a lot more time and energy and lose a lot more sweat doing it. There is this dichotomy about the League: it is a burden in the qualifying stages for the successful counties; yet, without them it would be little use to the climbing and struggling counties on lower branches of the tree.

The counties which are strong in hurling and weak in football must be contemplating this League with a little uneasiness, in so far as they often have hurlers in their football line-out — take Tipperary, for example. With all those League games in both codes, not mentioning the mopping up of end of season club fixtures, these chaps are in for a grim time of it.

Then you may be sure that there will be players with multiple commitment in grades both at club and inter-county level to complicate the issue — if not in the League season, then in the championship season, and the expedition of the championship is obviously a pre-condition of the success of the League, by leaving the decks relatively clear. Under-21 men playing junior, senior or intermediate hurling, and a grade or two of football to boot, are no rare birds, and similarly with multiple grade footballers dabbling in hurling. Even with different clubs. The situation is a shambles. And all we seem to have done over the last umpteen years is to think up other (inevitably overlapping) championships or

leagues to add to the list.

The Association resembles a man choking on his own spittle. He cannot get a decent life-saving breath because of the self-induced clogging in his windpipe. We are unable to get a life-saving infusion into our players because of the clogging of fixtures, the overlapping of competitions, the participation of some players in several different grades and both codes so that his many teams hold one another up in getting their commitments cleared. And while some flourish and have a rare old time, the others — the one chance men — wait and their enthusiasm loses its edge as the dog days draw in and even the firm grounds on which they had shown such promising form give way to the slob and slush of November.

You can't keep piling up the championships and the leagues and tournaments and challenges without cutting out something to compensate. Nor does the multiplication of competitions necessarily solve the problem which it hopes to solve — that of giving more games to all the Association's players. Often one competition can block another because of the overlap, and besides there are not enough Sundays or week-evenings or fields or officials available.

Again I emphasise that I am not throwing douches of cold water on the new League. I believe it to be a step in the right direction and a very big step, but when it puts its foot down in taking that step it will find it has crushed and injured some other competition, so crowded is the Association's garden.

If the League stands and is to give fruitful return, so much else must go. Or, at least, the All-Ireland competitions must be partitioned off into a section of the season for themselves; the club's activities in each county must be partitioned into another area; and the League partitioned into another time. And it is doubtful if that can be done either in the present situation of things.

It is possible anyway that there is a fallacy in the present effort, praiseworthy though it is. It enshrines some element of development from the top down rather than from the bottom up. Does it urge upon us the belief that we can make top footballers of players who are not even top club footballers? It is a question of trying to make bricks without straw. Are we working at the wrong end of things?

Of course, we are. And those who settled for this League know that. But, what can they do? Emphasis has been falling heavily on the importance of the club in the structure of the Association, but emphasis is not enough. The truth is that clubs in the weaker counties either in football or hurling have not been making the progress which they should be making and which they alone can make for themselves. It is so much twaddle to think that where the clubs fail in producing a better type of player in club competition, inter-county games can supply for that want. Inter-county games can do a

great deal for the counties where there are players of real worth whose main lack has been experience at the higher level and who only need a polishing rather than a grounding. But, how many of those counties are there? And how many of those counties whose players are sub-standard for top competition and will remain so and only be convinced of their inadequacy by prolonged League competition.

There is, of course, the chance that enthusiastic concentration of the squad of players selected to do duty for the county will bring some improvements in them, and that the approach may rub off on to the clubs from which they come. In other words that the county squad could provide a focus of attention and a subject for expending limited resources, both in coaching personnel, trainers, psychologists and cash, which might indirectly provide a drive at club level more effectively than the spreading of these thin resources over a large area.

But, then some have said to me that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and that the players in the county senior (League) squad will be the mature and finished player as that county produces them. A point. Would it not be better to consider a minor League where there is not so much different in ability yet, and where the hang-ups of generations are not so keenly felt? If that were possible I would think it ideal, but I must think it out: perhaps another time with the Editor's permission.

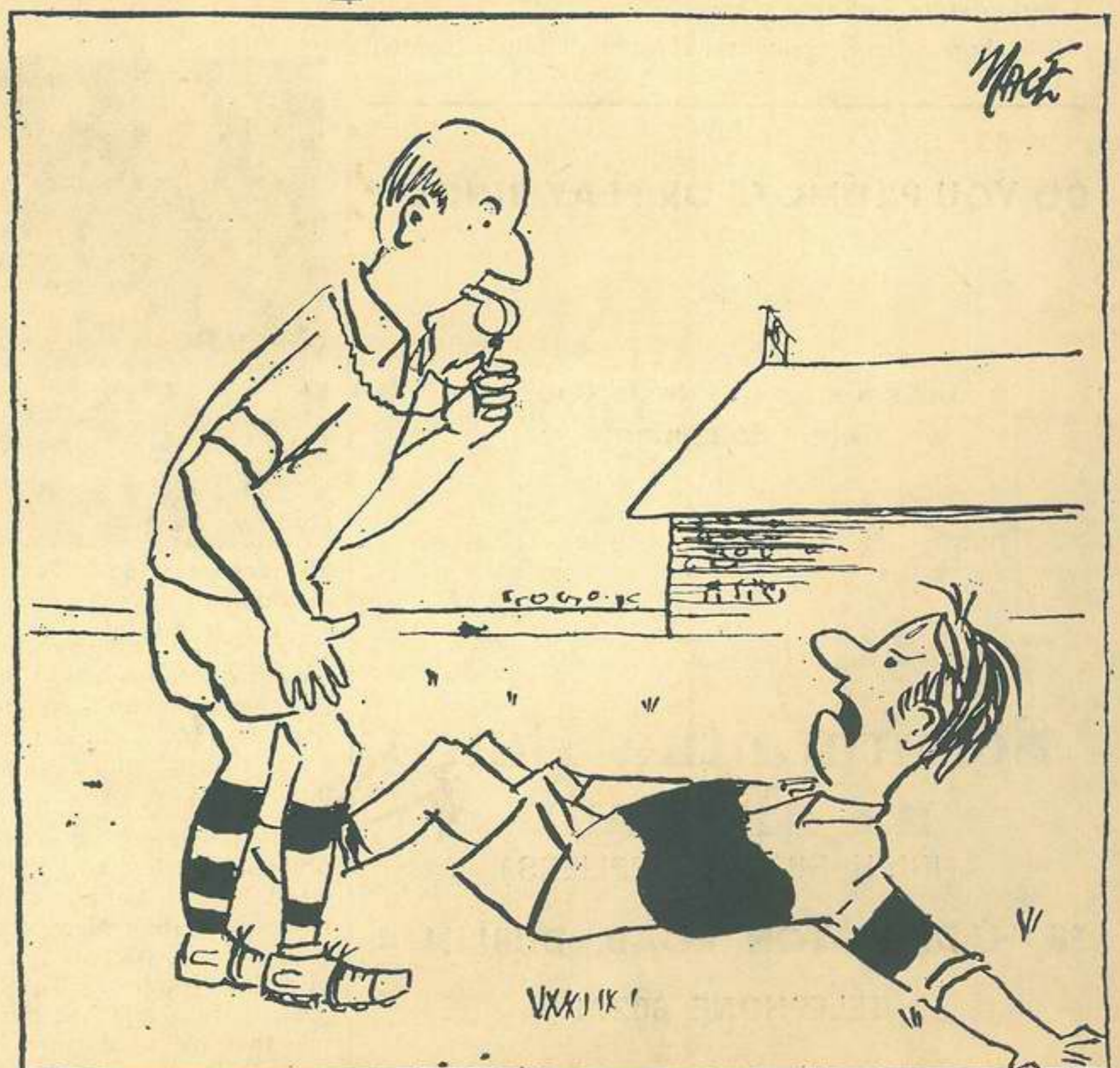
The fact of the matter is that the G.A.A. has always set itself the apparently irreconcilable objectives of intensive competition at two separate levels — club and county. I do not know of any other sport which tries to do it or anything comparable. Soccer and Rugby, for instance, are strictly club orientated, and while they have a second level at international level, it is just for a couple of showpiece occasions.

It is hard to see how football and hurling can keep on flying in the face of normality; and, you remember that one of our bigger desires for some time has been to add a further third storey to the structure with internationalism. Quite impossible, surely.

While this vertical structure has been maintained with increased difficulty, the real problems have been discovered in it because of the constant and apparently unending number of expansions and extensions which have been added to championships and tournaments — all kinds of grades and age-groups and divisions of quality.

Essentially, the game at county level has carried the game at club level — but this cannot go on indefinitely, except, perhaps, in the mightily successful ones. One must ask and know the answers to whether this League is choking more effectively the poor counties by taking away their chances at club level. But, the legislators has little choice, in any case. They simply had to provide this form of League in view of the sad lack of progress at club level where it is most urgently needed. But, what about time?

"No ref. I didn't see who hit me but I did get his number"



The New York Crisis —

Too Many In Ireland

The year 1970 had been a good year in New York G.A.A. activities, in terms of exciting and entertaining competition. However, the developments of "the week that was" — culminating on October 4 with the announcement by New York officials that the New York hurlers would not play Cork for the World Cup on October 11 — caused the playing season to reach a rather undesirable and unrewarding anti-climax.

During the year the New York fans had seen hurling and football at its best featuring top teams and individual players from Ireland, spiced with the fervour of local competition, and even in late September they could still look forward to further top notch action with the pending tour of All-Ireland champions Kerry in the offing, and the meeting of Kerry and Monaghan in the New York football final.

BY

AMBROSE

O'CONNELL



that such an atmosphere can eventually be restored.

The question being asked most these days around Gaelic Park is: What happens now? What the future of International Competition will be no one seems to know or at least no one will risk a final statement.

One thing is obviously clear — that the rather tenuous fabric of the New York - Central Council relationship has been sundered — possibly beyond repair. It is most regrettable, though, that such a vending should come at a time when this relationship was at a more amicable stage than it had been for years. None the less, old animosities lurked beneath the surface of apparent goodwill and any of a number of progressions could well have brushed away this facade of mutual regard.

The core of the present crisis — and by now the polemics seem to have taken on those proportions — was the changing of the date of the Cork - New York World Cup game by the Central Council, from the originally scheduled date of October 4 to October 11 without due

the set back they showed their work in these two memorable games and their credentials speak for themselves and deserved due recognition. The hurlers travelled to Ireland as did the officials expecting beyond doubt that the Central Council would at the eleventh hour see the merit of their situation. Surely the Council recognised the impossibility of the New Yorkers being able to re-organise for such an important game on October 11, having scattered to all areas of the country to visit their families. The New York request fell on deaf ears and to add insult to injury not one representative of the Central Council appeared at New Ross to meet the U.S. party. Whatever excuses might be tendered this certainly was a glaring lack of protocol and a personal affront to the visitors.

While it may be true that the harsh penalty handed out to a New York player by the Executive Board and the severe reprimands to three officials, who did nothing more than the usual protest for redress, did harden the feelings, the failure of the Central Council to know a reasonable request of the New York hurlers and the obvious snub at New Ross called for a decided stand.

The decision of the New York Association in not participating in the hurling game with Cork was not reached hastily or joyfully. It came after much deliberation with the officials involved very cognisant of the possible risks and ramifications. These officials were very concerned about maintaining the workable rapport that recently existed between the two associations and reached the momentous decision only because there was no remaining alternative if any semblance of principle or respect was to be retained by them.

It will be mutually hurtful if reason does not now take over as both sides stand to lose should the international arrangements be completely severed. Most players in Ireland and indeed officials appreciate the idea of a U.S. trip and vice versa. These international games also add a colorful dimension to the G.A.A. competitions by broadening their scope and flavour. But the question goes beyond this limited spectrum of individual or team tours. There are obligations of a more major nature binding on both sides. The greatest of these responsibilities must logically rest with the Central Council, who constantly remind all that it is the supreme body and guardian of the Association, its goals and ideals.



The famous Gaelic Park clock at the far end of the stadium.

consideration to the New York circumstances. The reason offered by the Central Council officials was that the championship schedule was already too crowded and that New York could not be accommodated on October 4 due to Cork and Fermanagh's meeting in the under-21 final.

This reasoning, naturally, was really unpalatable to the Stateside hurlers and officials who had already been buffeted by the Central Council accommodating Cork by postponing their New York trip from early June to mid-September. (Granted there were some minor complications besides). The New York hurlers were at their peak in June and had the meeting come then, it is possible that we would now have a new name added to the list of National League winners! Nevertheless, despite

In this context the New York G.A.A. officials and members have proven their loyalty and devotion to those ideals over the years, always under more difficult circumstances than those found at home. Their contribution to our national games and in a broader sense to the life and culture of the Irish-American community is unparalleled anywhere. They must be helped in their efforts to continue, not hindered. The charges of irresponsibility on their part as elected officials and the reference to the devious methods used by rendering decisions which had already been pre-determined — those displaying a dearth of good faith — is hardly justified in view of their historic achievements and integrity.

Those who feel that New York resists the authority of Dublin are not really in focus. Remember the International Agreement for tours etc. is by contract, but when this contract can be altered without the consent of the New York party, it is understandable that such authoritarian disregard for democratic principles might garner some resentment from the injured party. There are also those who feel the "Almighty Dollar" is being used

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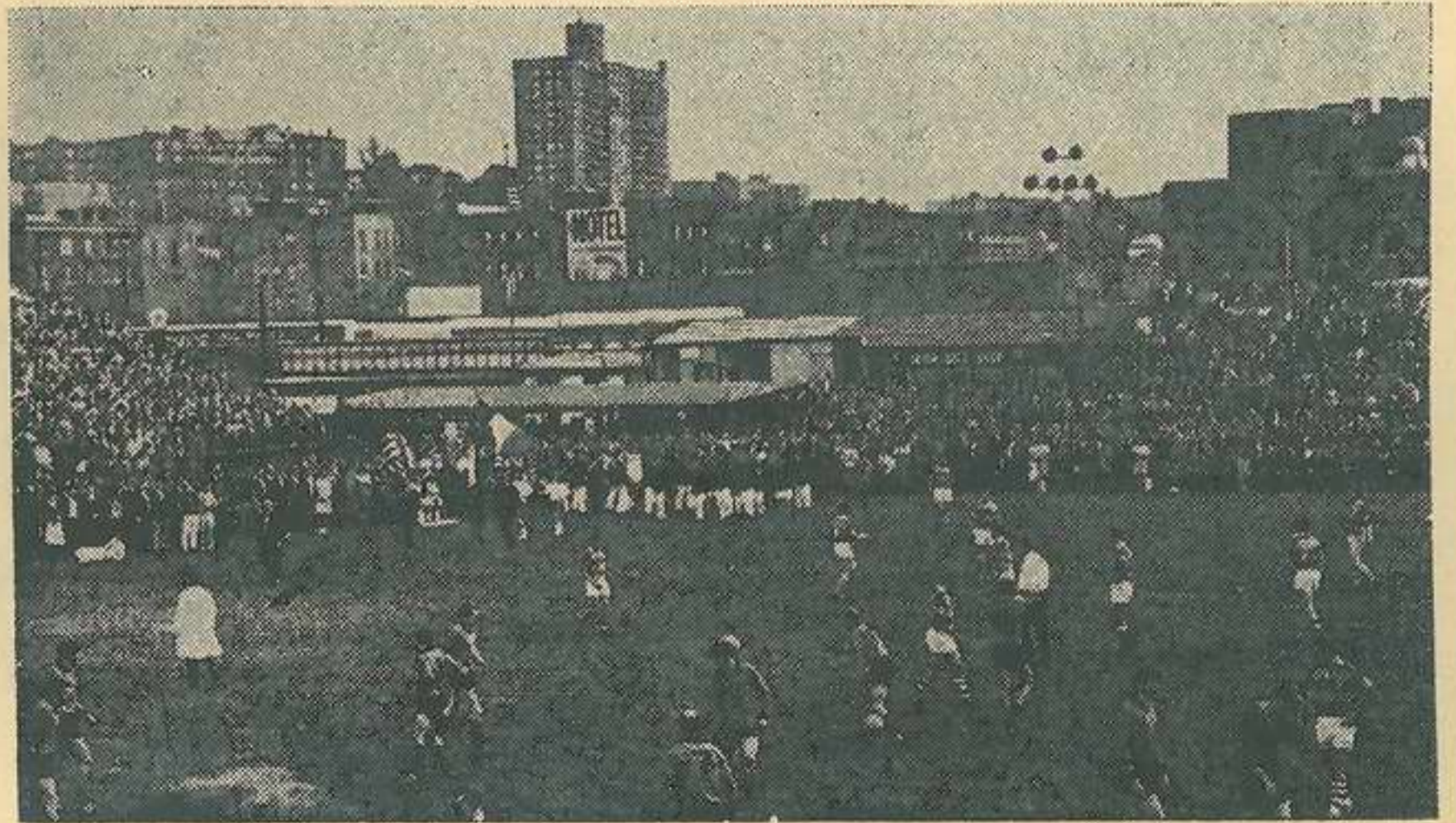
to lure away players from home engagements, again imputing blame to New York for another distasteful practice, thereby beginning the process of professionalising our national games. As we have pointed out in earlier reports, no amount of monetary lure will entice players to renege on home commitments if the personal desire to travel is missing. Such desire has no price! If players are paid travel expenses for trips to New York it hardly should be otherwise. Players cannot be expected to pay their own expenses and if New York clubs are generous to such visitors why criticise them.

On the contrary, criticism is constantly being levied against the Association in Ireland for penurious treatment of players for travel engagements. Further, these players must be granted permission to travel to New York by their governing bodies. Obviously they often chose to violate the process, voluntarily.

All of these questions must be placed in perspective and if information is properly screened before being released to the press much of the callousness of the New York G.A.A. image as fed to the Irish readership, might well disappear. This is not to say that the Association here is without sin! In case anyone had any doubts!

The general situation looks gloomy at the moment and the future of international programs will depend very

A typical big match scene in Gaelic Park which may never be repeated as a result of the Central Council's decision to completely sever relations with the New York G.A.A.



CAMOGIE

By
Aine Mesghar

Cork's feat in winning back the All-Ireland title after a lapse of twenty-nine years and will give a great boost to the game in an area where it has always managed to keep on thriving despite the long lack of success at top level.

Every keen follower of the game was delighted to see Anna Crotty collect, at last, the All-Ireland medal which her magnificent play down the years had earned so many times over, while I was also glad to see that most efficient and hard-working of officials Mary Moran qualify for a medal as substitute goalkeeper.

Mary Moran, in her own quiet way, has done a great deal for the game since returning from Dublin to her native Cork. Indeed, she has been the driving force behind the very successful organisation of the Munster Colleges championships and the new All-Ireland Colleges Council is very lucky to have Mary as Secretary.

But if Kilkenny were rather heavily beaten in the All-Ireland final, I was glad to see that defeat has not in any measure diminished their enthusiasm by the Nore side. Indeed, the fact that they got a civic welcome on their return from Croke Park showed that their efforts were app-

reciated, and I was greatly impressed by the fact that the Kilkenny girls on the Leinster side at Gorey a fortnight later all played well above the form they had shown in the All-Ireland final.

A case in point was Anne Carroll, who really enjoyed the extra freedom she found at midfield, and one wonders if the Kilkenny selectors present are not now regretting the fact that they played her at centre-forward in the All-Ireland final and subsequently moved her to full-forward instead of moving her outfield.

Leinster were captained at Gorey by Kilkenny goalkeeper Jo Golden, who really silenced her All-Ireland critics with a brilliant display. Jo, who is teaching in Dominican Convent Eccles Street will be helping to coach the College teams this year which will help add to the efficiency of their already strong sides.

The most encouraging feature of the annual Leinster Colleges Convention was the great increase in the number of schools anxious to compete in the senior grade, and, of course, eager for the opportunity to have a crack at the All-Ireland championship and Corn na Sceilge.



John Kerry O'Donnell — how long more can he stay smiling?

much on the mutual understanding of both parties. After a moratorium, if the waters are not further mudied, if that's possible, as we embark upon the renewal of the Cold War, some reasonable and compromising overtures may emerge from both councils, thereby salvaging a program which must be salvaged, regardless of the offended sanctity of any element.

At least New York gaelers are hopeful if not optimistic that an acceptable contract can be renegotiated out of all this turmoil so that the spirit of the G.A.A. can be once again esteemed and the games enjoyed to their fullest capacity.



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The image of the G.A.A. has received a tremendous boost as a result of the recent World Handball Championships. The new Court at the back of Hill 16 is a credit to the Association, for, with its magnificent glass facade, the great game of handball has now reached out to thousands of sports-minded people who previously had never seen it in its correct setting. It is reckoned that during World Championship week some 9,000 people saw the games.

This is a far cry from only the recent past when at an All-Ireland in the old Croke Park

court the gallery would be literally jammed with 450 spectators.

Added to that, is the fact

that of these, only the 30 or 40 who hugged the front wall could see every shot in the game.

The introduction of glass to the new court has eliminated all that, so that everybody in the audience can see every shot in a game.

Many sections of the G.A.A. have been indicted, and rightly so, in the past, for completely ignoring handball, but, at this juncture, it is only right to state that the Central Council in backing the construction of the new court, financially, has now given a magnificent lead.

It is now up to the County Boards and clubs throughout the country to accept the cue and put handball on a sound basis. The handball clubs who are not directly associated with G.A.A. units also have an onus to improve existing facilities and try to move away from the long accepted image of handball as a four-walled ivy covered concrete box, with its cracked floor and over-hanging netting wire.

Henceforth, covered courts are a must.

I am not suggesting for one moment, that any section of the organisation should be thinking in terms of a building comparable to the Croke Park structure but, in the case of clubs with any bit of initiative an investment of £10,000 should be well within their scope. I also reckon that in order to draw the crowds a glass back-wall is a must. It is obvious, that, to cultivate this idea of constructive expansion, tremendous pressure and hard work is going to be exerted on the Central Handball Council.

This will hardly be anything new for the chief officers — President, An Br. B. C. O'Murchú and Secretary Joe Lynch, who more than anybody else steered the building of the Croke Park court and subsequent fund raising campaigns. Mr. Lynch's unstinted dedication was recently suitably recognised when he was chosen as the President of the World Handball Association.

He takes over from Charlie O'Connell from New York who has been President since 1964. Charlie, who is over eighty endeared himself to everybody during world championship week, with his quick wit and snappy after-dinner speeches.

But let us not forget, the players from the different countries who contrived to make the week such an entertaining one. Pat Kirby in the U.S.A. singlet won the singles title and those of us who saw him dethrone our own Joey Maher will not easily forget the

fluency of his handball, his absolute confidence and supreme sportsmanship.

In fairness to Maher he went down fighting and obviously, he has not yet reached the end of the road.

Congratulations to Richie Lyng and Seamus Buggy from Wexford on winning the Doubles title. In fact their task was a little too easy as most of the visiting teams found it very difficult to re-adjust their play to the large Irish court. Canada's Bob Wilson and Mel Brown came second, in the process of which they scored a first-ever victory over America represented by Ray Neveau and Simie Fein.

Australia came with a very strong hand — Vic Di Luzzio played singles and the doubles combination was chosen from Terry Camplice, Jim Wiley and Fred Italiano.

Mexico had only two players — Victor Yanar and Guillermo Correias but they proved to be a great attraction. Barry Leech was the Canadian singles player, and while he was not in the reckoning for honours he nevertheless did well.

These Handball Championships have been of immense value to handball and to use a cliché — the game will never be the same again.



Pat Kirby . . . world handball champion.



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Ni h-iaid na fir laidre a bhaineann an fomhair. That's one sean-fhocal which always bothered me a bit, since the meaning isn't as crystal-clear as it is in many another, or maybe it's because there could be several meanings to the saying. Anyway, this month I want to write about a group of men who are anything but strong in numbers, but who have definitely reaped a golden harvest of goodwill, interest, and, I hope, a few bob as well for the good cause they espouse. And in doing all this, they have proved, once again, that absolutely nothing succeeds like success.

Comhairle Liathroid na hEireann is their official title, and of course, they've always been there except that nobody took any notice. But we can start taking notice now . . . and good.

Feverish work has been going on behind the scenes for a good while now, but the first public manifestation of action came on the morning of Sunday October 4 when what looked like all the kids in Dublin descended on Croke Park. Led by a big brass band, they headed off around the startled northern suburbs, and every mile they walked brought another shilling, or two, or maybe more, to the Handball Council in their bid to pay for the new alley in Croke Park. The walk, I felt beforehand, was too long for children, but it wasn't. An enormously high percentage finished the full ten miles, to the dismay, no doubt, of sponsors, and I can personally vouch for one group of nine-year-olds who ran the final mile! (They were girls, by the way).

With this sort of send off, the third world handball championships couldn't fail. It was Ireland's first time to act as hosts, and

President de Valera declared the championships open on the Monday evening.

This new alley, or court, whichever you want to call it, is an eye-opener. It is, of course completely covered and heated, but the big breakthrough is the fact that it has three walls of solid glass . . . the back-

the queues stretching down the road an hour before the first game was due to be played. The crowd that night has been variously estimated at 1,500 to 1,800, and the disappointed crowd outside those locked doors sounded like 1,000 more. This is success indeed, and there were many who were saying that, with this magnificent alley handball is going to reach the heights again.

About the actual games there has been enough said already. When all the winners and losers are just faint memories, that beau-

tiful (and yet functional!) structure will still be standing at Croke Park as a tribute to the few men who didn't ask "Why?" but asked "Why not?" The visiting players were the people I asked mainly about the court, since the Irishmen might have been a bit biased! Without exception they were absolutely thrilled with it, and even the Americans (a real sporting bunch) pointed out generously that the previous biggest crowd to see a handball game had been 800 at Houston, Texas, and here they were

seeing that record being smashed every night.

I mentioned the Americans as being real sportsmen; for the record, so were the Canadians, the Mexicans, the Australians and the Irish. It appears that this game is one of the few left which is played for pleasure first and winning second — even at world championship level — yet another reason why the crowds loved it all.

For a "minority sport," handball and the people connected with it have a lot of lessons to teach.

Liam Campbell Reports



we can be thoroughly proud of the way it was done . . . thanks to the few in the Handball Council. I had made a point of dropping round to see how the work of construction was progressing at the back of Hill 16, and I must admit that at times it looked as if it would never be finished in time. But it was, or at least everything that really mattered was ready, and the whole scene was alive and wide-awake as

wall and the two sidewalls. This puts the players into a sort of goldfish bowl, and not a screed of the action is missed; you'll really have to go and see it for yourself. The most electrifying thing about the whole proceedings was the fact that the place was packed out, and was packed every night until the closing on the Saturday night, when a fly couldn't have squeezed in after the doors had to be closed. I saw it:

Are you willing to discuss The Bomb?



What's the point of discussing the Bomb? If it falls on us we're done for!

Not necessarily. Even if we in Ireland were not a target for a direct hit our neighbours might be.

What then?

Radioactive dust called Fall-out could come on the wind after a time.

Then we'd be finished.

No. We could use the time to protect ourselves and our homes.

But that would take too long.

No. If you know what to do you can quickly protect yourself

and your family by using ordinary everyday materials.

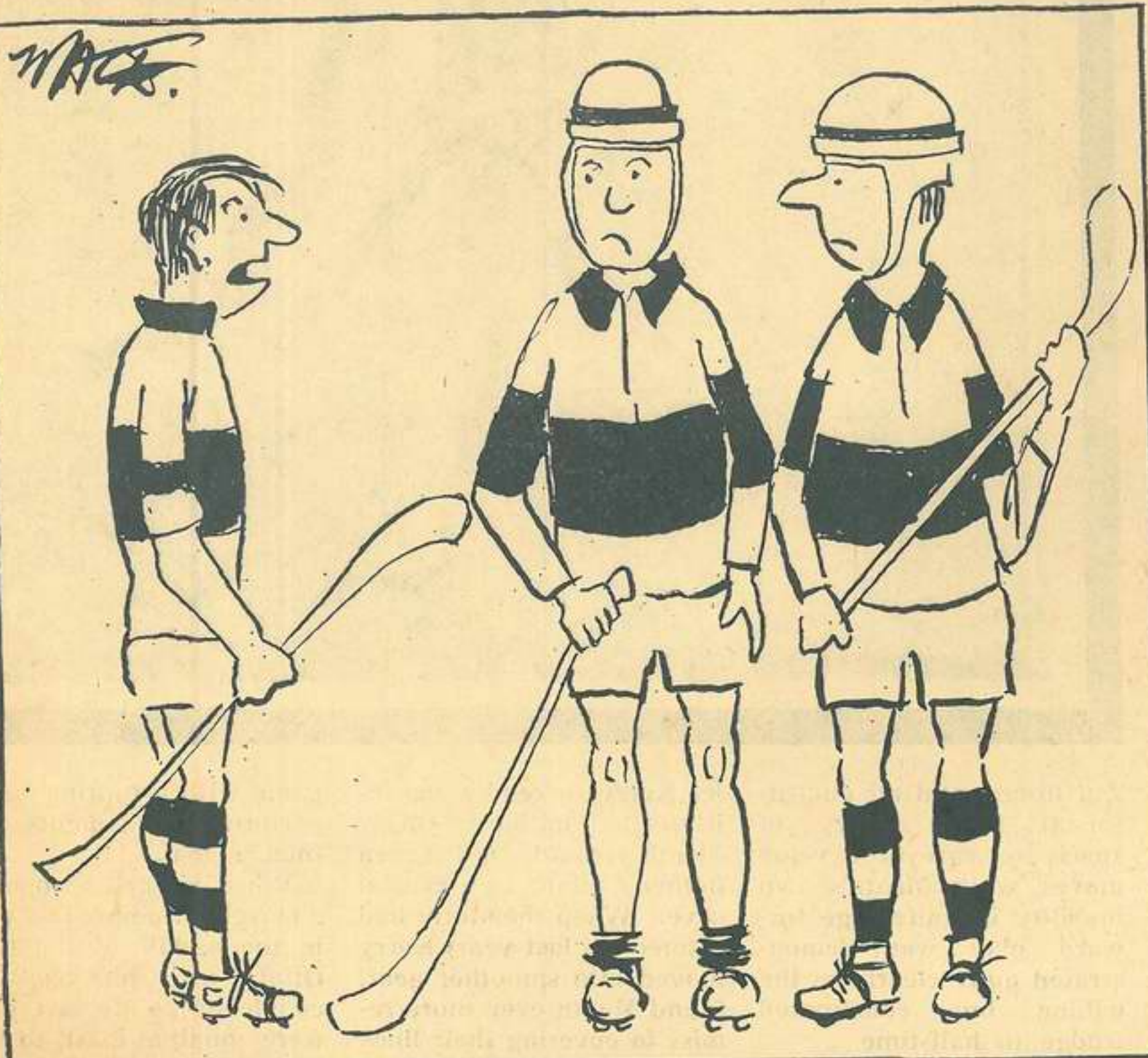
How can I find out what to do?

All the information you require is in a free booklet called "Survival in a Nuclear War." Every householder in the country was sent a copy by post. I still have mine.

Yes, I remember getting one but I lost it.

Well you can get another free copy from your local Civil Defence Officer or from the Department of Defence, Glasnevin, Dublin 9.

I'll write now. Who wants to be an Ostrich?



"Sorry, lads but the missus wanted my helmet to bake a plum pudding in."



O'Connell In Action

A picture portrait

of the many
aspects of the
play of the greatest
midfielder of our time

And Now For The Twenty Third

There was really very little to say after the end of the All-Ireland football final that was not trite or obvious: I thought the best and most productive remark was that of the man who said: "What do you think of them for next year?"

By JIM BENNETT

It may seem like taking the long view to the point of hypermetropia, but it gave more food for talk in our little group than any of the clever things we had been saying about the game itself. Have a go yourself, and see that you do not find it an interesting little tit-bit, and do not wait until later in the year or the beginning of next year when trends may already have asserted themselves. Questions arise: Will Seamus Murphy retire now, and how will the defence react to possible replacements there? Will O'Connell be as good? Surely, his great fitness will lose its edge sooner or later? What about O'Dwyer? Will he keep his form another year?

Can Kerry find a centre-back? For there is no doubt, now that young O'Keeffe is made to measure for centrefield, and, if I mistake not, is the best man in the air in the country just now. And, is that gloriously cooperative forward line proof against loss of form or the rust of months and years of excellence?

As for the match, it was as good as one could reasonably expect. For, the teams were too alike in their approach to defence and centrefield, and only different in attacking approach because Meath lacked the imagination to achieve the kind of moves Kerry mounted.

Very simply, it was a question of Kerry forwards having the ability to make more capital — almost two to one — of the same set of opportunities than Meath's line could.

Kerry had to win the match twice, largely because of the lunatic 40 minutes rule. In the relaxation after the first winning (which coincided with Gleeson's goal) an artificial crisis was caused by a string of Meath po-

ints. There was a moment when it appeared to be a real crisis, but Kerry were able to raise their game again, as they did against all their opponents this year.

The game itself bore a very close resemblance to last year's final against Offaly. The first crucial break was along the Cusack Stand touch-line, with Fay in possession and Murphy slipping; clear away he went with Murphy in hot rearguard action. Fay failed to finish just as McTeague and Evans did in carbon copy situations at the same time of last year's match. The only difference was Offaly got three or four chances along that left wing; Meath got only one. A score then would have meant more than three later on—in both Meath and Offaly their confidence would have been pumped up like a balloon if those chances had been stitched. In fact, it only gave rise to the gnawing doubt which was behind all Meath's finishing efforts throughout the first-half and even through portions of the second.

Enthusiasm, drive, fanat-

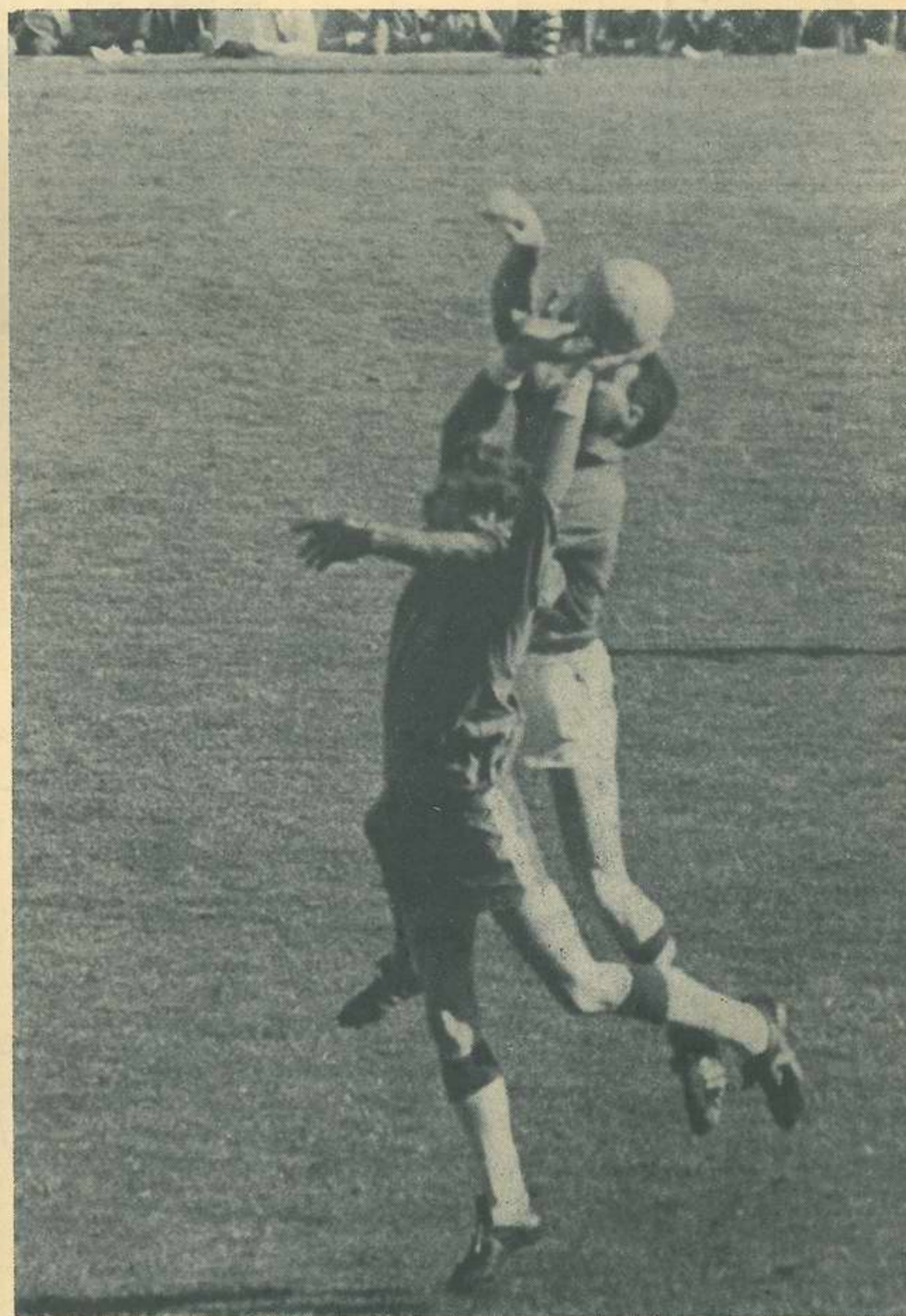
ical fitness and all out tit-for-tat foiled Kerry of space to score or develop moves, while Meath's own inability in knife-edge forward play was demonstrated quite clearly in the willing but constipated trudge to half-time.

An easiness in beginning the second-half again

let Kerry surrender the initiative; unlike Offaly Meath could not even bother Culloty to a crucial save. When the storm had calmed (as last year) Kerry moved into smoother gear, found Meath even more remiss in covering their lines at this stage than Offaly had been, and won the

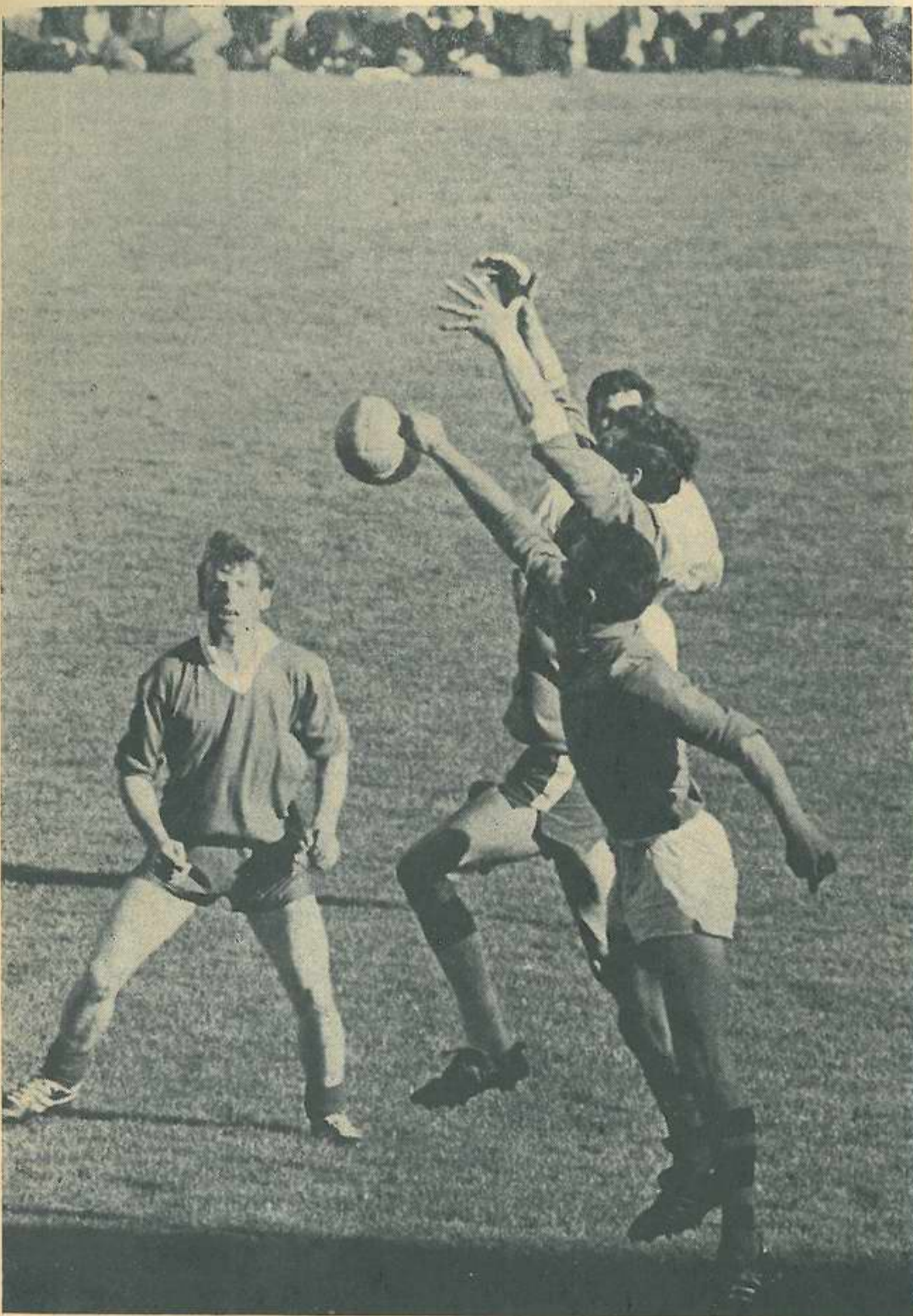
game with a routine Kerry performance of points, and then a goal.

When Kerry had opened a margin of points last year in the middle of the half, Offaly also hit back (a couple of points last year were equal, at least, to five in this 80 minute game). Crisis loomed artificially:



At this year's All-Ireland final our photographer, in company with the vast majority of the attendance kept a special watch on Kerry midfielder Mick O'Connell.

The five action shots you see here show that contrary to what many people believe, O'Connell does not catch or even attempt to catch every ball that comes in his direction. It is the extent of his repertoire which makes things so difficult for an opponent like Vincent Foley in these pictures.



last year, it was relieved by a Crowley solo from his own square right up under the Hogan Stand to deep in the Offaly half, after which Kerry's attack took the Offaly defence to pieces and shot a couple of paint-thin wides and near things for goals.

This year, Kerry mount-

ed an attack in the face of crisis and took the Meath defence apart scientifically; then Crowley soloed away through the defence and pulled the trap-door from under Meath's feet properly.

In both games their opponents lacked Kerry's imagination; they were too

bound up with tensions to work their moves coolly and steady their shots; both had large slices of the play, but used possession desperately rather than with elegant inventiveness. O'Connell again came into his own at the crisis point of the second-half; Higgins again made life unbearable

for a renowned full-back; Gleeson again was brought back the field to steady the boat further back; Crowley carved himself another memorable niche in history; Paud O'Donoghue again looked strained, yet his man got no score; Prendergast played the same again this year.

But, while Meath improved but little on what Offaly did last time, Kerry had some bonus points: the deadly mobility of Brendan Lynch; the celebration of his best big game yet for Eamon O'Donoghue; and a general fluidity in attack and confidence in approach which

contrasted well with the tensions of the long-awaited 21st championship last year. More relaxed, more mature now, and playing with the confidence of coming of age, Kerry 1970 is a better side by a long chalk than Kerry 1969. Meath, on the other hand, were

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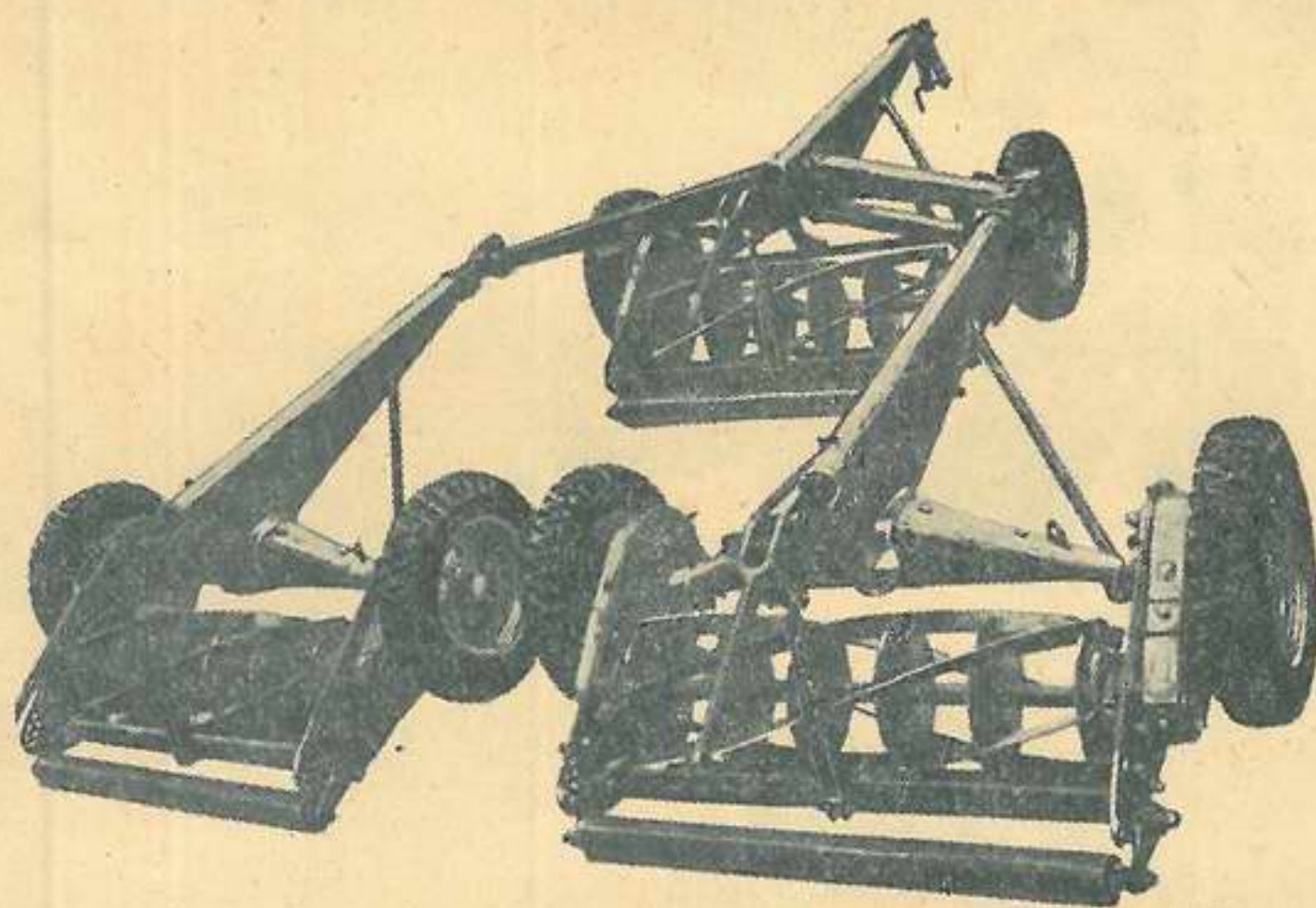
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No wonder John Tobin is smiling. The brilliant Galway forward picked up his first All-Ireland medal when his team won the replayed minor final against Kerry last month and must now be set fair to become a star of the future with Galway's senior side.

Armagh Hurling Champions

This year the Cuchulainn Hurling Club from Armagh celebrates its Silver Jubilee. Founded in 1945 as part of the C.B.P.P.U., the club became known as the Cuchulainns around 1950. The first championship win was in 1945 and in the intervening years they have held the Dr. MacRory Cup (Senior Hurling) on numerous occasions. This year the 25th anniversary was marked by winning the County Senior title for the third consecutive year.

All down the years club players have formed the back bone of the County Hurling teams and figured prominently on the County teams which won the Ulster Junior Championship in 1949 and in 1965. Several members have also had the honour of playing

for Ulster in Railway Cup teams, namely — Gerry Lenagh, Tom Fitzgerald, Harry McGrouh (Sen.) and John Devlin in the early fifties and Jim Kirk, Jim Carlisle, Joe Phelan and Eamonn McBride in the mid sixties.

Since the Hurling Coaching Course commenced at Gormanston some years ago, three members of the club — Jim Kirk, Jim Carlisle and Enda Kirk have attended each year and have put all the coaching expertise they acquired to good use among the youth at home. These three coaches each take a different age group for training and they have done inestimable work for hurling in the city during the last four or five years. The strong U-16 and U-14 teams which the club has are a direct result

of their enthusiasm but unfortunately these boys have very little competition in their home county and have to travel further afield in search of game. For the past three years the club has sent 20 - 30 boys, in the capable hands of their coaches, for a week to Gormanston College where they enjoy a hurling holiday. To raise the money for this venture, three or four concerts are organised during the winter and the final social event is a well supported guest tea. There is a great family atmosphere in the Cuchulainn Hurling Club; it has had a happy past and its future looks bright with a number of future stars in their ranks.



Trillick St. MacCartan's — Tyrone Minor Champions, 1968-69:
Back Row (l. to r.): Brendan Donnelly, Gabriel McArt, Kevin Murphy, Charlie McBrine, Vincent Keenan, Harry Murphy, John Kelly, Mickey McGirr, Charlie Woods.

Front Row (l. to r.): Patsy Kelly, Seamus McAnespie, Joseph McGrade, Tom Donnelly (capt.), John Tolan, Matt Swift, Malachy Donnelly.

This minor team is now the backbone of the Trillick senior side which includes Gerry Donnelly, Tom Gray, Patsy Barrett, Noel McQuaid, 16-year-old Seamus Gormley, Barney McAnespies, Artie McCaughey and Pat King.

King, along with Barney McAnespie, Tom and Brendan Donnelly are all members of the present Tyrone senior panel and King won a Super League medal with St. Joseph's T.C. earlier this year. He spent the summer in New York.

Jackie Taggart—The Man Who Retired At 24

Around 3.50 p.m. on the last Sunday in July, 1956, red-haired, Jackie Taggart sent a scorching shot to the back of the Cavan net in St. Tiernach's Park, Clones. That goal, coming after only five minutes of the Ulster senior championship final, set Tyrone on the high road to a 3-5 to 0-4 victory and endeared Taggart to every Red Hand supporter throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

When I spoke to Jackie Taggart at his Omagh home recently, he naturally had no trouble at all recalling that Ulster final. "It was a great moment for us when that shot went into the net and a great start to the game. It settled the team completely and we demoralised Cavan before the end."

"In 1954 and '55, we had been running Cavan to a few points every time we met, but we never could manage to beat them. That 1956 final was the beginning of a new era in Tyrone football," he said.

Taggart was just 23 then, but had already eight years county football behind him. He first appeared on a Tyrone minor team in 1949 — just a year too late to get an All-Ireland medal. He was still a minor in '50 and '51 and graduated to the junior and senior teams in '51, as well. Then at the early age of 24, he shocked the Gaelic world by retiring from intercounty football. This was a decision he never rescinded.

Why did Jackie Taggart retire so young?

"We were beaten by Louth in the 1957 All-Ireland semi-final and I then decided to quit. I wasn't very pleased with the selection and other aspects of the team. During that game with Louth, a few players got injured and they weren't taken off. We had other good men sitting on the sideline who might have won the game for us, but the selectors refused to put them on."

So ended a brilliant if somewhat short intercounty career during which time Taggart collected two Ulster senior championship medals, a Dr. McKenna medal and a Railway Cup medal (1955).

BY TONY MCGEE

But his grievances with the county selectors did not mean that Jackie severed all his connections with the game. He continued playing club football with Omagh St. Enda's right up until the end of last season. And on a few occasions this year, he was prevailed upon by his club colleagues to turn out, because of a dearth of players in the county town just now.

At present, Jackie is doing a little refereeing in Tyrone and recently he took charge of a Tyrone-Fermanagh game at Trillick. I thought that possibly this would be the new role that we would see Jackie in but no. "I have no great interest in refereeing apart from doing the occasional game in Tyrone. I have no designs at all on becoming an intercounty whistler. I did the Trillick tournament this year and they asked me to do that county game as well. That was the only reason I did it," Jackie told me.

Because he is a cattle dealer, Jackie has no time for the administrative side of the game. And indeed, this was another reason that made him quit as an intercounty player. He says that he didn't have sufficient time to train and that he couldn't keep fit enough.

"The way I'm fixed it would be unfair to allow myself to be elected on to any committee even at club level. I travel to fairs all over the west of Ireland and at times I can be away for two or three days, so I wouldn't always be available for meetings and this would certainly be most unfair to everyone else," explained Jackie.

Taggart doesn't believe that present-day football is as good as it was in the 'fifties. He says he enjoyed the Down team of 1960 and '61, but, apart from them, no other side has impressed him in the past decade.

He also firmly believes that the young players nowa-

days do not have sufficient dedication. This is one of the points he makes in discussing Tyrone's poor showings of late.

However, he does see a glimmer of hope for his native county. "They have won a few vocational titles and reached a couple of All-Ireland minor semi-finals in recent years and if they build on this, they could come again. You must start with the juveniles — Down did it, and Fermanagh have done it and it has paid handsome dividends for both," Jackie told me.

Omagh St. Enda's, like Tyrone, has also been very much in the background recently and there is no doubting that there is a strong connection between both. During the Taggart era, St. Enda's collected five county senior championship titles — including three in a row — and there were never less than half a dozen Omagh men wearing the Red Hand jersey at the same time.

However, there are signs of an Omagh revival lately. The St. Enda's have been doing very well in juvenile and minor competitions this year and have annexed quite a few titles.

It is a great pity that an ex-player of the calibre of Jackie Taggart, doesn't have the time available to pass on some of his expert knowledge to others who would be eager to learn from him. But there is a glimmer of hope that in the future Jackie might devote a little time to the juveniles in Omagh. "My own sons will soon be playing and I'm sure I'll have to take an interest in their progress," he said.

From his own career, two things stand out in Jackie's memory. His greatest thrill was going to America with the Tyrone team in 1957 but the worst moment was seeing Sean Purcell racing through for a goal against Tyrone in the 1956 All-Ireland semi-final.

"Sean ran through unchallenged and scored. Up until then, I was sure we had Galway beaten and I'm still convinced if we had beaten Galway, we would have won the All-Ireland title that year," recalled Jackie Taggart.

Trillick's Success Can Be Example To All

"1970 — the beginning of an era?" This is a heading taken from an article included in a souvenir programme produced by the Trillick St. MacCartan's G.F.C., Co. Tyrone, in conjunction with the opening of their new playing fields on September 6 last. An apt heading, indeed, and if one is to judge by the spirit in the club just now, it wouldn't have been out of place to leave out the question mark.

Trillick is a small country village in Co. Tyrone, just right on the Fermanagh border. It is only six miles from Irvinestown and, in fact, the road between the two towns runs from St. Moalaise Park to Trillick's new ground — the William Donnelly Memorial Park, which is inside the town's 30-miles-per-hour limit.

At the 1969 A.G.M. of the St. MacCartan's club, a field committee was set up to investigate the possibility of laying a new playing field. The club did possess their own playing field, but the surface was far from satisfactory.

The committee elected was Matt Donnelly P.T., William

Donnelly (now deceased), James McAnespie and Patsy McCaughey. In the initial stages of the project the committee lost the services of William Donnelly. His untimely death took place whilst he was acting as an umpire at a Trillick game in May, 1969. He had been the club's chairman for the previous twenty years. His place on the field committee was taken by Jim O'Hagan P.T., another man who, both as a player and administrator, had given many years of loyal service to the club.

Many things were gone into before the plans for the field were finalised and even the Ministry of Agriculture was consulted regarding the plantation of young trees around the perimeter of the grounds.

A small piece of ground adjoining the old field was purchased and now the club are the proud possessors of a full sized (148 yds. by 85 yds.) enclosed pitch which has a naturally dry surface, because of its elevated position and all for the very realistic figure of £5,000.

Within the same confines and alongside the pitch is the club's own hall which contains dressing rooms, refreshment bar, etc.

Most Rev. Dr. Mulligan, Bishop of Clogher, blessed the new grounds and the opening ceremony was performed by Mr. Paddy Corey, Chairman of the Tyrone County Board. Mr. Frank McManus, Westminster M.P. for Fermanagh-South Tyrone also attended and gave a speech about youth involvement in the G.A.A. The opening game was between Tyrone seniors and Fermanagh under-21s, which the latter won by 2-12 to 2-6.

September 6 was certainly a milestone in the history of the St. MacCartan's club, which was founded as far back as 1903. There were no organised competitions at that time and after a period of challenge games the club lapsed for a time.

Then in 1907, Fr. Matt Maguire and a Mr. Philip Weldron, an Irish teacher from Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo revived the Trillick club and formed a team known as Trillick Red Hands.

Near success was immediate as the side reached the final of the McAnespie Cup (a competition long since defunct) but was beaten by Killyclogher. It wasn't until 1917 that Trillick again hit the headlines with a team called the McDonaghs. They reached the final of the league championship but were beaten by Cookstown.

The turmoil of the early 'twenties again caused the disbandment of the club for a time, but they came bouncing back in 1924 as the All Blacks. But 1937 was the year that firmly established Trillick — by now known as the St. MacCartan's.

In 1937 the team beat Donaghmore by 0-14 to 0-2 in the Tyrone senior championship final and they became the first side from the west of the county to capture the O'Neill Cup. The year 1949 was another one that will forever be remembered in the annals of the club. After much trouble in obtaining a building licence, the erection of a new hall was commenced in January '49 and the following Easter Sunday (April 17) the hall was opened.

This hall has ever since been known as the Fr. Matt Hall, as it was dedicated to the memory of the late Fr. Matt Maguire, Trillick's parish priest from 1906 to 1927.

During the 'fifties and early 'sixties the football world of Trillick was relatively quiet with the exception of a revival of juvenile and minor football. The senior team spent a time in intermediate ranks, but was again promoted in 1963. The emphasis on underage football paid dividends in 1965 when the juveniles won the county championship.

This breakthrough by the younger generation paved the way for minor success a few years later. In 1967, the minor side reached the county final but were beaten by Donaghmore, but in 1968 and '69 the Trillick under-18s completely dominated minor competitions throughout the county. During this period, they won two county championship titles and three West Tyrone league crowns.

Now this year most of those minors have graduated to senior grade and they form the

backbone of the St. MacCartan's team. For the first time in the history of the club, St. MacCartan's entered five teams in official competitions in the 1970 season. They are under-14, juvenile, minor, junior and senior.

Around this part of Ulster, great stress is placed on how teams perform in local tournaments and in this sphere, Trillick really impressed this season. They won their own tournament, Dromore's and at time of writing are in the final of Ederney's against neighbours and great rivals, Dromore.

Yes, indeed, a new era seems to have dawned around Trillick and if the present impetus is maintained, there seems little doubt that much more will be heard of the St. MacCartan's. With hard working officials like John Kelly (chairman), Patsy McCaughey (secretary), Mick McCaughey (patron of the club and president of the West Tyrone Board), Jim McAnespie, Jim O'Hagan, Eugene and Philip McGrade and Matt Donnelly around, the future of the club seems in good hands.

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Kildavin Leave No This Time In

*It is only four years since
the Kildavin club won
the Carlow senior football
title for the first time in
their history but in the
meantime the club has
established itself as one
of the foremost in the
county despite the fact
that they handed over
their title to Eire Og last
year.*

In fact Eire Og, who
achieved national prominence last April by reaching
the final of the All-Ireland
seven-a-side championship
in Belfield, were again
Kildavins rivals in this
years Carlow championship
and down the years the
two clubs have been the
most consistent in the
county when senior football
championship time
came around.

Their opponents in this
years Carlow final were
Palatine and the first
meeting of the same two
teams was away back in
1914 when they contested

the final of the county junior
football championship.
That was a replay of the
previous year's junior final
which was necessary because
Kildavin had objected on
the grounds that their
opponents had played what
was referred to as a Kildare
Man. Palatine won the
replay by nine points even
though Kildavin claimed that
the same player lined out
again, but this time he was
disguised by wearing a hat.

Kildavin, who were
formerly known as Clonegal,
won the junior championship
in 1919 but there then
followed an exceptionally
long barren period and the
next championship in Carlow
did not come until 1957
when they had a double,
winning the junior and minor
titles.

By 1959 they had progressed
to the senior county final
only to lose

to Tullow and in 1966 they
again reached the decider
and this time they drew
with Tullow. Because of a
dispute between the Tullow
club and the Carlow County
Board no date was agreed
upon for a replay so Kildavin
won their first senior county
title in the boardroom.

Obviously this was not the
most satisfactory manner by
which to win a county
championship and so Kildavin
were very anxious to get the
opportunity to do this in style
by actually winning a county
final on the field of play.

They had to wait four years
for this opportunity however,
but the wait was well worth
while. One of the highlights
of this years campaign was
Kildavin's defeat of old rivals
and holders of the county

championship, Eire Og. It
was following this victory
that the Kildavin team were
installed as firm favourites
to win their second title
despite the imposing record
of their opponents Palatine.

Both teams were exceptionally
young in this years county
final with Kildavin having
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In the final, played before a 'gate' of £371 at Tullow, Kildavin proved beyond any shadow of doubt that they were the best team in Carlow when they defeated Palatine on a score of 1-13 to 1-4. Obviously the Kildavin men

believe in the old motto that a good beginning is half the battle because in the first ten minutes of this final they had a goal from the fist of Mick Redmond and points from Peter Roberts, Tom Codd and Martin Doyle. And all this without any reply from the Palatine time.

But although Palatine

rallied well to score 1-2 without reply they could never match the overall efficiency of their rivals and they were a well beaten team long before the finish. Outstanding for the winners in their second championship success were veteran Carlow player Peter Roberts at centre half forward; Brendan Doyle, Joe Kirwan, and Peter Farrell.

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Suil Ar Athraithe



Le Padraig O Mealoid

Bhí trí ní suntasach faoi chluiche ceannais peile na hEireann i mbliana, bhí sé glan (ní raibh amharc salach, gan trácht ar bhuille salach, ann); níor gortaíodh éinne de na deich bhfeara fíchead i rith an 80 noiméad, (rud a leanann as an chéad rud) agus cluiche réasúnta maith a bhí ann. Sin iad na gnéithe atá ag teastáil i gcluiche. Dar m'anam ach gurabh fhearr leat cailliúint i gcluiche maith glan ná cluiche murdarúil a bhuachaint. Is measa fós é nuair a chaill-eann tú i gcluiche salach, rud a tharla i bhfad ó bhaile níl sé i bhfad ó shin.

Nuair a bhí trácht ar roinnt de rialacha na peile a athrú tamall ó shin bhí mé féin (ar nós beagnach gach duine eile) ag tabhairt tuairimí fútha. Cuireadh ceann de na hathruithe a thaithnigh liom i bhfeidhm, sin fad a chur leis an am imeartha. Measaim gurabh fhiú é a dhéanamh, agus gur cheart anois an nós a leathnú de reir a chéile síos

go dtí go mbeadh gach cluiche i ngach grád de'n chomórtas craoibhe agus sraithe 80 noiméad ar fhad.

Ceann de na rudaí a theastaigh uaim a fheiceáil athruithe ná méid na cearnóige, ach níor dearnadh sin. Creidim gurabh dhearmad mór é seo. Nach beag an tairbhe é do fhear a tarraingtear síos cuig slata amach, díreach taobh amuigh de'n chearnóg, cic saor a fháil agus an liathróid a thabhairt amach naoi slata eile, ceithre slata déag amach, duine éigin ag tógáil na saor-chice agus béidir i a dhul leathan. Nach é an chaoi a bhfuil pionós á chur air, agus an dream ar cheart an pionós a dhul ortha ag imeacht saor uaidh. Bhí sampla de'n rud seo sa chluiche ceannais. Ina theannta sin bhí sampla ann de'n dicéille a bhéadh ar aon chúlaith gan na rialacha mar atá siad a chur chun leasa dhóibh féin agus fear atá ag féachaint dainsearach a tharraingt síos in áit ligint leis go "cóir" go dtí go gcuireann sé an liathroid sa chúl.

Cé'n leigheas atá ar seo? Well an chéad rud ná an chearnóg a mhéadú, agus ná bíodh leisce orainn aithris a dhéanamh ar dhaoine eile, ba cheart í a bheith tuairim's méid na cearnóige sa sacar. An dara rud ná teacht ar riail éigin nua faoi aon fheall a déanfaí ar thosaigh taobh istigh de'n líne ceithre slata déag. Ar mhaith an rud é gach cic saor isteach taobh istigh de'n líne sin a thabhairt

díreach ós cóir an chúil?

Bhí rud eile nár theastaigh uaim deire a chur leis agus níor cuireadh: Sin é an rith aonair, nó solo run. Thug mé suntas do seo i gcúpla cluiche, ach arís tógfaidh mé an dá fhoireann a bhí sa chluiche ceannais. Bhain an Mhí an-úsáid as sa chuiche leath cheannais in aghaidh na Gaillimhe sa chéad leath nuair a bhíodar in aghaidh na gaoithe. Choinníodar an liathróid go cliste, agus ar ndóigh má bhíonn an lithróid agat-sa is beag an mhaith don'n dream eile an ghaoith. Ach ina aghaidh sin bhaineadar mí-usaíd as in aghaidh Chiarraí sa chluiche ceannais. Rinneadar an iomad de agus i dteannta an cluiche a mhoilliú dóibh féin gan chúis ba mhinic a chriochnaigh ceann de na ritheanna aonair seo le pas, a fuair Ciarraíoch, nó rud éigin eile mar sin.

Ina aghaidh sin arís bhí rith aonair D. J. Crowley caol díreach isteach, gur thainig cúl da bharr. Ní minic a dhéanann D. J. rith ach nuair a dhéanann bíonn éifeacht leis agus tagann toradh air.

Fágann sin mé i gcas idir dhá chomhairle faoi an rith aonair anois. Níl mé ag rá go bhfuil mo intinn athruithe agam, ach dá ndeireadh duine éigin liom amárach go bhfuil deire leis an solo ní doigh liom go gcaoinfinn mórán ina dhiaidh.

**All-Ireland
Medal For
Armagh**

Even though Armagh narrowly failed to win the junior camogie championship, one of their players is the holder of an All-Ireland medal. Centre forward Patricia McLaughlin from Lurgan won the G.A.A.'s Ballad Singing Contest last Easter and therefore gained an All-Ireland medal. Nineteen-year-old Patricia, who has just commenced a teacher training course at St. Mary's Training College, Belfast, is a daughter of former Armagh and Ulster star corner back, Eddie McLoughlin.

**Rounders
On The
Way
Back ?**

Rounders, the forgotten game of the G.A.A. world, is making a mini comeback in the South Derry - South-West Antrim area. And one of the men leading the campaign to popularise the game is none other than the new Derry football trainer, Liam Gribben.

Liam teaches in Annahorish school, which is one of six schools where the game is now being played. "Peter Totten from Toomebridge is really the man who started off the new drive to get rounders going in this area and he asked me to do what I could. Recently Peter took a team of girls — all under 12 years of age — to play a game in Dublin. These girls were chosen from the six schools," said Liam Gribben.

The team that went to Dublin did not meet with much success as their opponents were much older and more experienced but a return game is being planned and this may take place about next Easter.

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The Hurlers And The Golfers

The 16th tee at Thurles golf club is beside a public road. A good many years ago, runs a tale that is part of the club's treasured lore, a fourball had got to that point. One of the players was in the act of shaping up to his drive. He wasn't the fastest player in the world and he had been motionless over the ball for a fair while when a voice was heard from the road behind. "Hit the so-and-so thing; there's no one on you." When I say that the golfer was a local priest, not greatly renowned for a sense of humour, his reaction can be well imagined. Something not far short of apoplexy, you may guess.

The rude interruption had come from a local on a bike, zig-zagging home from town with "several" pints aboard, and eager to voice criticism of the golfer's slowness to hit the so-and-so thing. His viewpoint grew out of a hurling background, as the phrasing suggests. A lot of us had notions of the same sort before actually trying the simple-seeming game of golf. The ball is static; there is plenty of time; there's "no one on you"; what could be easier?

Plenty of hurlers have had

these illusions shattered by humbling experience. Most of them get over the embarrassment and get to love the game. The country is full of hurling golfers. Most, but by no means all, are ex-hurlers. Of the active hurlers who keep both games going at the same time Tipp's Mick Roche is probably the most talented on a reckoning of dual competence. The last I heard he was off four at the golf — and scratch at the hurling! With his stature, and a fluent swing, he knocks them the proverbial mile, and usually in the right direction. John O'Donoghue got to the final of the Tipperary club's Captain's Prize this year. They run it on match-play at Tipp. Ollie Walsh is a popular member at Kilkenny and can hold his own in the hottest company.

At Thurles we have so many caman-men about the place that the bar-room talk is by no means all about short ones that got away. Pat Stakelum — no need to explain who he is to any hurling follower — is only a few years at it but is already down to a below-medium handicap. One of the club's senior cup side in John Mitchell, an All-Ireland corner-

back for Wexford in beating Tipp. in 1960. "Golfer of the Year" for consistently high finishes in last year's programme was Jimmy Ryan of Borisoleigh, a fast winger on the 1950-'51 champion teams. Fairly recent starters, and enjoying it very well, are those great Tipp. forward brothers, "Sweeper" and "Mutt" Ryan of Moycarkey, winners of All-Irelands in 1937 and 1945.

The local Sarsfields club has several representatives. Michael Butler had a quite funny, if slightly sore, experience on taking it up. "Thanks be to God I'm playing a game I won't be getting hurt at," he remarked to someone the first day he tried it out. The next Sunday morning a ball, hooked off a nearby tee, caught him a solid crack on the head.

T. J. Semple, current Sarsfields midfielder and a Tipperary player in the last league, is off a single-figure mark and sure to go lower. So is Benny Maher, winner of several county titles at corner back and a defender on the last Thurles C.B.S. Harty Cup victors.

Cork can supply a whole litany of the same sort. The men who did me the favour of introducing me to the game on

the 12th tee at Douglas back in 1956 — 'twas ladies day and we had to start out of sight of them — was Eddie John O'Sullivan of Blackrock and Cork. You run into hurlers everywhere on the Cork City fairways — and the odd one in the rough. Dr. Jim Young is a veteran golfer by now. I've seen the Cork and Glen Rovers full-back John Lyons playing at Douglas, and Mick Quane, a forward in the same colours, is a Muskerry stalwart. At Mick's club they hold an annual "Lads" v. "Chaps" contest, matching Gaelic players against the former Rugby men. A certain Jack Lynch, well-known on various fronts has been a prominent "Lad." Another all-time great Tony Wall, has been Army golf champion. He now plays at Clontarf.

About five years ago at Lahinch my opponent in a "South" first-round match was Oliver Gough, who hurled well for Wexford and Kilkenny. I got the better of Ollie that day, but wouldn't bet on doing it again, as he is now very prominent in open scratch events and caused Michael Bonallack a deal of worry at Newcastle this year in the British Amateur.

The hurler soon learns that, if he has the advantage of "an eye for the ball" of the natural games-player, this will only carry him so far in golf. His hurling swing had better be left behind. Golf, he finds, is primarily a game of control rather than exuberant lashing. And here we often find a curious thing: the ex-hurler often does better on his first visits to the links than he will do for quite some time thereafter. The trouble is that he begins to see the difficulties a lot more clearly. A few balls miles out of bounds are enough to make him pause and think. And thinking, as Hamlet said, is apt to "make cowards of us all."

No one, it may be said, has ever done much good at golf with a purely hurling swing. When we swing a hurley in the most normal style our wrists work very differently from the golfer's. The back of the right hand turns abruptly towards the sky and then goes clockwise in a whip-lash motion. Applied to golf this method would never, except by lucky accident, get the clubface squarely on the ball. The father and mother of slices, curving wildly to the right, would be the likeliest outcome.

A golf ball, scientifically, "dimpled," always betrays by its flight exactly how it was contacted. The sliothar is less responsive, though we've all seen frees and seventies "cut" past the right-hand post for lack of a confident follow-through by the striker.

One of the curiosities of top-grade golf in the years from 1938 on till about 1946 was the swing of the Cork genius Jimmy Bruen. The purists looked at him in wonder because he swung the club in so strange a fashion. Whether Bruen ever played competitive hurling is improbable, but he may have done some childhood pucking about. How could he completely escape it in Blackrock? Anyhow, Bruen's right wrist did exactly that whipping lash your hurler does, but he came into the ball perfectly on line. The turn of the wrists gave him a sort of bonus in clubhead speed that was not available to the more orthodox player.

After winning the British Amateur at Birkdale in 1946 he strained his right wrist. Some say it happened while

lifting a heavy stone, others say the wrist could not stand the terrific strain of impact. He confined himself to local golf after that, but entered the Irish championship at Killarney in 1963. Despite the long lay-off, he was only beaten by Joe Carr at Killarney's menacing 18th in the semi-final. I saw every shot of the match and Bruen's swing, if odd-looking, still had a lovely tempo.

Most hurlers, being used to left hand under, find the opposite arrangement very strange when they turn to golf — unless they are going to play Bob Charles style, form the "port side." The late, great Jim Hurley of Cork didn't bother altering his grip — and got down to single figures. The South African Indian player, Sewgolum, does exactly what big Jim used to do. One type of hurler should find golf not at all strange, the Jim English (Wexford) sort who hurls right-hand under and strikes the ball backhanded. This sort is half-way to golf already and should improve rapidly. Handicap Committees, please note!

The "golffingest" thing to be seen in modern hurling is Eddie Keher's free-taking technique. By staying firmly in position, with no shifting of the feet with the stroke, he achieves a consistency that reached a peak of mechanical accuracy in the 1963 All-Ireland against Waterford. Keher's main problem is whether the ball comes up properly or not. If it rises up straight, he's odds-on to score. The sliotar's upraised rims, especially on a brand-new one, are a bit of a hazard in that respect. The striker has to shift forward a bit if the ball comes up too much to the left of centre, and the reverse

applies if the opposite happens.

A hurler taking a line-ball is quite comparable to a golfer but there are important differences. To get the sliotar airborne you've got to cut under and across it. Do the same in golf and you've got a vicious slice. The golf "hit" is basically downward with the irons. A hurler would only batter the sliotar against the ground with a similar action, popping it feebly a few yards.

Does golf harm an active hurler? Only if he skips matches and training for the sake of his golf, one would say. They can compete with each other a little that way. It is probably not a bad thing to play a round the morning of a hurling game, as it takes the mind off the test to come and is good for settling the nerves of a fellow who tends to worry and brood all morning. The exercise, too, is a good loosener. The majority of professional footballers in Britain have a regular golf day each week and they run a championship of their own each year. So it must be a useful second game.

Lack of opportunities of social contact with rival hurlers and Gaelic footballers is now admitted to be one of our deficiencies. So I was glad to see last year that the ex-Gaels in Connacht had organised a golf outing of their own, with that energetic fellow, Jack Mahon, very prominent in starting and running it. The idea could be developed a lot further in other areas or on a provincial or All-Ireland basis. And it wouldn't be inconsistent with G.A.A. principles. After all, who is to say that the legendary hurler Cuchulainn was not, in his rudimentary way, a bit of a golfer, too?

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All-Ireland Day In The American Style

BY OLD-TIMER

"Nice place you have here," said the burly American as he settled himself into the seat beside me on the lower-deck of the Hogan Stand on hurling final day. I appreciated the compliment, 'though I suppose I should in all honesty have pointed out that, so far from being one of the organisers, I was only a paying-guest, the same as himself.

Anyway we became very friendly during the second-half of the senior game, when the verdict had become predictable. He told me that he was an avid supporter of a baseball team called the Milwaukee Twins and we even exchanged addresses. So we said good-bye, and to tell the honest truth I forgot all about him, until I was the recipient of a long letter, on the day after the football final.

That hurling final must have made a far greater impression on him than I had suspected, and he must be a pretty thoughtful character in addition, for he made several suggestions that he felt would add to the spectacle and to the sense of occasion.

He had no suggestions about the actual game at all — that he said was outside his experience altogether — but here is a summary of the improvements he would like to see at Croke Park when next he comes for a final.

In the first place he thought there should be electric score-boards one on the front between the upper and lower decks of the Cusack Stand and a similar one in the same position on the Hogan so that the spectators in the stands on each side of the field, could see the score straight out in front of them.

He also felt that since the hurling and football finals are National occasions they could be 'dressed up' a bit more by providing all stewards and officials with a short, light uniform coat — he felt they should be in green with the G.A.A. crest. In his view this would

add greatly not only to the dignity of the occasion but also to efficiency because stewards and officials would be so much more easily identified amid the crowd.

He also mentioned that he felt catering facilities could be greatly extended on All-Ireland day. He suggested a self-service counter where you could pick up a cup of tea or coffee, or a soft drink, pay your money and move on to eat or drink at your ease. He pointed out that on his home baseball ground, they have these machines which dispense whatever kind of refreshment you need, hot or cold.

Another idea he had was that before the start, and after the parade, the two teams should line up at mid-field. The names of the players should be announced one by one, starting with the goalkeeper and, as his name was announced, each man should then run to his allotted position.

Finally he felt that people should not, except in exceptional circumstances be allowed to leave their stand seats before the last whistle blows, because they tend to pile up around all the stand-exits and thus cut off the view of the customers behind them.

And he ends up by saying, "You are quite entitled to write back that all this is no business of an outsider, but I enjoyed the day so much that I thought I would pass on those suggestions, most of which are, I guess, not worth considering anyway, in the hope that in some small way a great occasion might be made even more enjoyable for all concerned."

Well that is an outsider's view, and I've been too

close to finals for too long to comment one way or another. But the points he made I think are worth making public. At least they provide food for thought.

● Watching the teams marching round in the football final, a sudden thought struck me, so I put up the binoculars and had a good look at the footgear they were wearing. And as far as I could see — I admit that I may have missed a couple of the players — only two men were wearing boots that covered the ankles. All the rest sported the more modern style that look more like running shoes, with cogs instead of spikes on the soles.

Now, the players themselves know best the type of footwear that suits them, but personally I would prefer a boot that both protects and supports the ankles.

And, just in case you are wondering who the players were who preferred the more old-fashioned style, the two I saw were, by an odd-coincidence, the two left full-backs Donie O'Sullivan the Kerry captain and Meath's burly Bertie Cunningham.

● One thing I was sorry to see happen at the football final, and that was the throwing in of a new ball when the first one was 'lost' in the crowd at the Canal End. I had never seen a football stolen at Croke Park before, though the shameless stealing of sliothars seems now to be an accepted feature of hurling final day.

But you cannot pocket a football as you can a hurling ball so the solution for football referees is simple. Just stop the game until that ball is given back. If you wait long enough, and the crowd get sufficiently annoyed, they will throw back the thief along with the ball.

Patsy Breen Still Playing A G.A.A. Role

Former Derry right half back, Patsy Breen, went out of both club and county football exactly as he came in. As a 15-year-old in 1948 Patsy began his football career when he entered St. Patrick's College, Armagh and the following year a club was formed in his native Dessertmartin — a little village in South Derry, only a few miles from the Tyrone border and half way between Magherafelt and Draperstown (better known to G.A.A. fraternity as Ballinascreen).

The club was named St. Martin's — I believe a St. Martin has connection with the area, hence the name Dessertmartin — and in its very first year of existence won the Derry junior championship. Patsy was a member of that team. Last year Dessertmartin again annexed the junior title and that was the last competitive game that Patsy Breen played in.

After being a Derry county minor in 1949 and a junior the following spring Breen began his senior county career as a corner forward against Fermanagh in the 1950 Lagan Cup. His last game in the red and white jersey was ten years later and it was again in the Lagan Cup — this time against Donegal.

This is the two ends of the Patsy Breen story. Now let's see what fills the pages in between.

For a youngster that never kicked a ball until he went to college Patsy rapidly learned the game. As

well as becoming a county minor and winning a junior championship medal in '49 he was selected on the Ulster Colleges' team in the spring of 1950. Those were the pre-Hogan Cup days.

On that Ulster side along with Breen, who played at centre half forward, were such famous footballers as P. J. McElroy and Kevin Mussen (both Down), Kevin Behan (Louth) — he was at St. Pat's also, Brian Gallagher (Cavan), John O'Reilly (Tyrone) and diminutive John Maguire (Fermanagh). Ulster won the championship.

During his ten-year term in the Derry side Patsy played in every position on the team with the exception of goals and full back. The highlight of his career was not unnaturally the 1958 All-Ireland final against Dublin and as one would expect this game also provided his biggest disappointment. "But the next best thing to winning an All-Ireland final is having played in one," Breen told me.

Then he added: "The welcome home we got after beating Kerry in the semi-final was fit for champions and something that I will never forget. It was just fantastic and the whole county was ablaze."

Patsy's inter-county career came to a premature ending in 1960. A six weeks spell in the Mater Hospital, Belfast finished his days in the red and white shirt. "It was a matter of not been able

to get fit enough again after coming out of hospital," he said.

As well as the two junior titles that Dessertmartin won they also collected the Derry senior championship crown in 1953 and again Breen was in the team. But for a time Patsy left his local club and along with another Derry player, Brendan Murray (now a chemist in Ahoghill), formed the first ever G.A.A. club in Coleraine, where he was teaching at the time.

"That was in 1955. Brendan and I gathered up some boys around Coleraine and formed a team and I'm glad to say that it is still going well. Then in 1957 I went as principal to Dreenan Primary school at Lavey so I transferred back to Dessertmartin," Patsy reminisced. He is now teaching in Moneymore, a school he went to in 1964. His arrival coincided with Moneymore school winning the Derry under-16 title, with a team that included Kevin Teague, now a Derry senior panellist.

Apart from Breen's career as a player he has been connected with the game from an administrative angle.

During the late fifties he was secretary of his club and whilst he was in office Dessertmartin purchased their own playing pitch. He has been treasurer of the South Derry Board and a county selector for a year also. As well he was league secretary for a season but gave up that job

at the last Derry convention.

"I have been searching avidly to get close to football again but I just can't get a thrill out of doing these jobs. You need to have a flair for organising and I'm afraid I just don't have that. The nearest one can get to the game without been a player is coaching I think," Patsy explained.

And when Patsy speaks about coaching he knows what he is talking about too. Since 1968 he has been coach to the Ardboe club in Co. Tyrone and in his first year with that club they won the Tyrone senior championship.

Breen told me, "I have known Patsy Forbes through county football and Fr. Donnelly, the Parish Priest in Ardboe, was formerly in Moneymore so they approached me to take on the job. I don't have much trouble getting the team fit so most of my work with them is indoors. My job is to instill confidence in themselves and with the help of a blackboard we are able to work out some moves.

"It was unfortunate that Ardboe got into trouble in the Ulster club championship because they are only now beginning to pick themselves up again after the six months suspension. They are making a determined bid to rid themselves of any trouble-makers in the club and have stroked a few off recently."

Breen hasn't been in

charge of the Dessertmartin team at any time because he feels that locals don't have the same success as strangers would. Coaching is the only branch of the "off-the-field activities" that Patsy is interested in pursuing. He says the team he'd be in charge of would not have to be champions but he would want everyone to do their bit.

Batchelor Patsy has tried his hand at basketball, badminton, swimming, handball, rugby and golf as well as gaelic football but he feels that the nearest approach to the game he loves is golf.

24 handicap at Killymoon Golf Club, Cookstown and he said, "Golf is the only answer to football and I intend to take it serious from now on. I have been playing it now for two years but I never bothered to put in cards to the clubhouse, hence the rather large handicap. I haven't entered any competitions except the match play ones (I got to the semi-final once) but from now on I hope to do a lot more golfing."

Breen feels that the future looks bright for Derry football. He points to the fact that now with so many intermediate schools playing the game and with the good minor teams of the last few years the talent is certainly there but he wonders if the young boys will have the urge to train to the peak of fitness that is needed nowadays. During his playing days

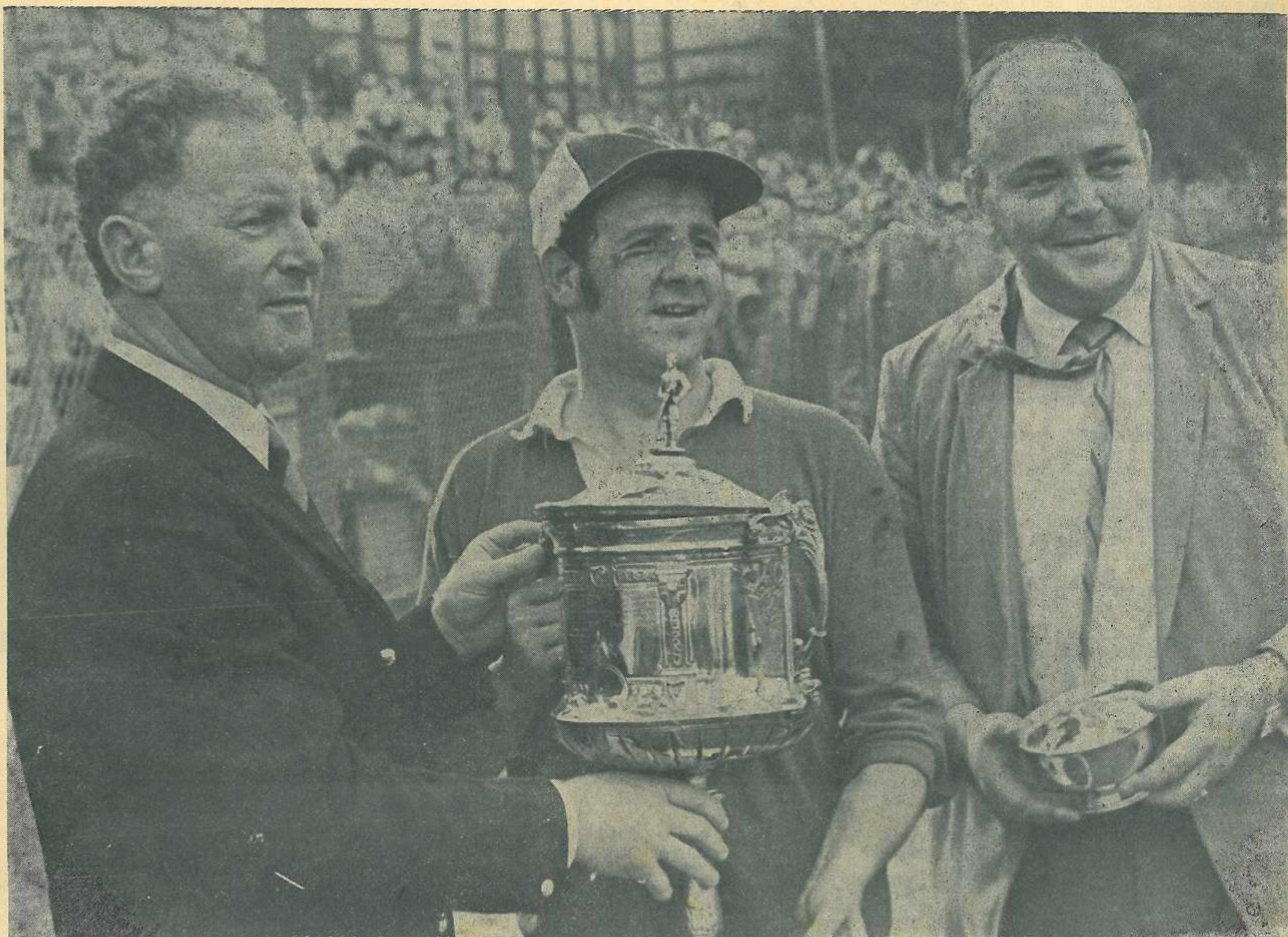
Patsy came up against many top class players but he ranks Jim McKeever, Rody Gribben and Sean O'Neill as the pick of them. About O'Neill he says, "Sean must have been the greatest right half forward of all time. It was a great pleasure to play on Ulster teams with him. When you give Sean a pass everyone thinks that it was a great pass but instead it is Sean's running off the ball that is so good. He always moves out into the open once you gain possession," said Patsy.

Patsy has been delighted to have met so many of his former opponents again. "I was in Tralee last year with the Derry juniors and I met quite a few of the Kerry players there and at the coaching courses in Gormanston I had some great chats with Des Ferguson. I was on holidays in Galway last summer, and I met Jack Mahon and Mattie McDonagh."

Patsy has a unique explanation for the fact that except for Down northern teams seldom do well in Croke Park. He thinks that we do not have big enough playing fields in Ulster and therefore the extra space at headquarters upsets our teams because the game is entirely different then.

And Breen's ambition is to see more of Bryansford, the reigning Ulster club champions. "I watched them last year in the Ulster final against Bellaghy and they certainly have got something," he told me.

In The News with Bacchus



"There is no art to find the minds construction in the face" — the happy faces after the league final in Gaelic Park of Pat Fanning, Paddy Barry and Sean O'Hanlon belie the later events which resulted in the New York G.A.A. being knifed by Central Council.

A Boland Of A Former Era

This is a most interesting picture for more reasons than one. In the first place it was taken at the first big hurling game played at Croke Park after the Truce. In the second place it underlines the fact too often forgotten nowadays that there were no closer friends than Mick Collins and Harry Boland, who were both to die so tragically on opposite sides during the Civil War. Moreover, there can be no harm in recalling that both were hurlers and G.A.A. men.

Harry Boland's father had been one of the first Chairmen of the Dublin County Board, a position which Harry himself held some twenty-five years later. Harry won a County championship medal with the Faughs and played on several occasions with Dublin senior hurling teams. He also refereed an All-Ireland final, Mick Collins was, through his London years, a pillar of

the G.A.A. in that city and played at midfield for London in at least one All-Ireland game, though never in a final.

The particular occasion on which this picture was taken was the Leinster senior hurling final of 1921 played at Croke Park on September 11, 1921 with Pat Dunphy of Abbeylax as referee, before what the newspapers of the time described as 'an enormous and enthusiastic crowd.'

The attendance included Eamonn de Valera, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mick Collins, addressing the players before the start said, "You are not only upholding a great game, but you are also upholding one of the most ancient and cherished traditions of Ireland."

Kilkenny led at half-time but fell away after the interval and were finally beaten on the score: Dublin, 4-4; Kilkenny, 1-5. For the record the teams were:



From left: Michael Collins, Pat Dunphy and Harry Boland.

DUBLIN — Bob Mockler (Captain), Tommy Daly (goal), John Joe Callanan, Mick Neville, J. Murphy, J. Coyne, M. Hayes, Jimmy Clery, Tom Hayes, Tommy Moore, Jim 'Builder' Walsh, Bob Doherty, John

Ryan, Joe Clune, Ned Tobin. KILKENNY — Dick Grace, Mick Kennedy, P. Dwan, M. Lalor, J. Maher, John Roberts, J. Fleming, John Grant, Mark McDonald (goal), Pat Donohue, Matty Power, Dexter Ayl-

ward, Larry Cantwell J. Tobin, J. Holohan.

P.S. — We are indebted to Mr. Brendan Toner, 39 Drumbreda Gardens, Armagh, for sending us this historic photograph.

Happy Marriage

The first club in the north to make use of the new marriage between the strong and the weak teams to aid the hurling scheme was the Cuchullains from Armagh.

The Cuchullains celebrated their silver jubilee in October and to mark the occasion they invited the Clare hurling champions Clarecastle — Clare and Armagh have been paired by An Lar Coiste Iomana — to spend a weekend in the Cathedral City. But this marriage nearly ended in divorce even before the big day.

The week before the event was due to take place the Clare hurling board told Clarecastle that they were down to play a league fixture on the Sunday they they had arranged to be up in Armagh. But by gentle persuasion by Alf Murray the matter was resolved.

The Clarecastle senior and juvenile teams travelled to Armagh on the Friday evening and that night attended a ceili. On Saturday they coached their hosts in the finer arts of the game and that night the Cuchullains had a supper and sing-song laid on for the visitors.

On Sunday morning the southern teams had an official meeting with Cardinal Conway and that afternoon both teams had challenges with the home club in The Athletic Grounds, after which the Clare men started on their long journey home.

Now the Cuchullains, Armagh champions for the past 3 years plan to go to Clarecastle next Easter.